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PLU-RI-BUS-TA H.

▲

A SONG THAT'S BY NO AUTHOR;

▲

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

BY

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P.B.

AUTHOR OF "DOESTICKS' LETTERS," "THE ELEPHANT CLUB," "THE WITCHES, PROPHETS, AND PLANET READERS OF NEW YORK," ETC.

This book contains an unlimited quantity of hits at every body, of which every one must good-naturedly take his share, to pay for the privilege of laughing at his neighbors. Embellished with One Hundred and Fifty-Four Illustrations, by John McLean. As a History of the country this book is invaluable, inasmuch as it notices a great many events not mentioned by Bancroft, Hildreth, or Prescott. As a novel it is unapproachable, for it contains several characters unknown to Cooper, Dickens, Marryatt, or Bulwer. As a Mythological Work it should be immediately secured, as it makes mention of a number of gods and deified worthies hitherto unknown, as it old Jupiter himself. As a Poem its claims to consideration cannot be denied, as it

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*FIRST NUMBER
MAY*

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Explanation.



Design. 2^d Editor, from 1st original Sketch, on 1st north Side of 2^d Barn-door, very scarce and very correct.

If the Author comprehends this production,
it is not a tragedy.

He supposes it to be an inconsistent, imprac-
table im-

possible heroines created for this occasion only, and who are unceremoniously disposed of.

The characters were imagined by "DORSTICKS," by whom also the facts were invented, and the principal events fabricated.

The illustrations were interpolated by JOHN M'LENAN, who holds himself personally responsible therefor.



The Author's Apology.



*The compiler refuses to acknowl-
edge it.*

REFUSE to apologize.

When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belie history, to outrage common sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dignitaries, persons, places, and events, with-

I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of prosody, and of the public.

I have done it.

I intended to upset all commonly received ideas of Chronology, and to transpose dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience.

I have done it.

I intended not only to make free with the heathen Gods, and to introduce some of them into our modern "Best Society," but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up home-made deities to suit myself.

I have done it.

I intended to slaughter the American Eagle, cut the throat of the Goddess of Liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation. and break things

the beginning does not suit you—if the middle is not to your taste—if you are not pleased with the catastrophe—if you don't like my disposition of the characters—if you find fault with my imaginative facts—if you think the poetry isn't genuine—if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the doorkeeper and get your money back, for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologize.

What are you going to do about it?



Introduction.



The Author maketh his Bow to ye admiring Publick.
in ye Background ye Nine.

"O MY ***** MY UNCLE"—Shakespeare.

Non-committal applause by the curious reader, who don't know what to expect. Flatter music, the author rouses

the bashful poet by telling him to "Go in, Lemons!" (The good-natured public will also imagine the lemons.) Thus encouraged, he speaks as follows:



*He's revered and much
respected Uncle.*

DON'T you ask me, whence
this burlesque; -

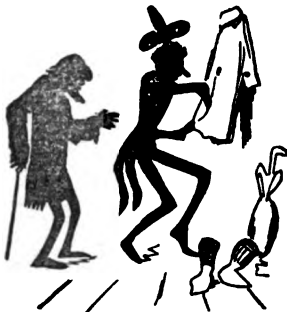
Whence this captious fabrication,
With its huge attempt at satire,
With its effort to be funny,
With its pride in Yankee spirit,
With its love of Yankee firmness,

And its scoffs at Yankee bragging,
With its praise of all that's manly,
All that's honest, all that's noble,
With its bitter hate of meanness,
Hate of pride and affectation.
With its scorn of slavish fawning,
Scorn of snobs, and scorn of flunkies,
Scorn of all who cringe before the
Dirty but "almighty dollar?"

Don't you ask—for I shan't tell you,
Lest you, too, should be a Yankee
And should turn and sue for libel,
Claiming damage—God knows how much.

Here the faint-hearted author vanishes in a tremulous flourish of coat-tails, and "Doesticks," appearing, learnedly discourses as follows:

That "I found it at my Uncle's,"
 "Number one, around the corner,"
 In a paper, in a pocket,



*Woezgr, p^r Editor, discovereth p^r original M.S. p^r much
 respect. d Uncle delighted therent.*

In a coat, within a bundle,
 Tied up, ticketed and labelled,
 Labeled by my careful "Uncle ;"
 Placed within a cozy recess,
 On a shelf behind a curtain.

Here I found this frantic poem ; Digitized by Google
 And "my Uncle." kind old "Uncle."

On this coat, and on this bundle.
 Months had flown, and still the author
 Hadn't yet redeemed his pledges,
 Hadn't paid the two and sixpence.
 So "my Uncle," *dear* old "Uncle,"
 Kind, accommodating "Uncle,"
 Sold to me this precious bundle,
 And this poem lay within it.

This is where I got this epic,
 Epic pawned for two and sixpence.
 But, where is the hard-up author?
 Whether writing, whether starving,
 Whether dead, or in the almshouse,
 I don't care—nor does the public.

If, still further, you should ask me,
 "Who is this dear noble 'Uncle?'"
 Tell us of this kind old 'Uncle;'"
 I should answer your inquiries ed by Google
 Straightway in such words as follow:

Neighbor to the fragrant gin-shop ;
In a dark and lonesome cellar
Dwells the Hebrew—dwells 'my Uncle.'
You can tell his habitation
By the golden balls before it.

“Here 'my Uncle,' kind old 'Uncle,'
Dear, disinterested 'Uncle,'
Sits and sings his 'song of sixpence.'
'Sixpence here for every farthing,
Every farthing that I lend you
You shall soon return me sixpence :
And, that by the risk I lose not,
Ere I lend you dimes or dollars,
You shall leave a hundred values
Of the money which you borrow ;
Which, if you don't pay my sixpence,
Shall be forfeit then forever.

Precious, beautiful creations ;
 Bring them to my kind old 'Uncle.'
 He to cherish native talent,
 And encourage home-bred genius,
 Gives the artist, on his pictures,
 Half the first cost of the canvas.
 And the author takes his poem,
 Which has cost him months of labor ;
 On which he has poured his life * out—
 Takes it to my kind old 'Uncle,'
 Who, to cherish native talent,



* artists, musicians, and of nerdy publicists of benevolent Uncle.

“But the poet and the painter
 Are Americans, and natives
 Of the land which leaves them beggars.
 That's the reason why they're starving—
 Why they need 'my Uncle's' sixpence.*



* successful Poet and a prosperous Painter.

This is how this naughty poem
 Once was 'up a spout' in Broome Street—
 This is all about 'my Uncle'—
 Good-by, 'Uncle'—go to thunder.”

* The *native* poet and the *native* painter are a couple of native jackasses. If Muggins's poem won't sell, let him Frenchify himself, and become "Chevalier Muggins" or "Monsieur de Mogyns;" and if Dobbs can't find a market for his picture, let him transmogrify himself into an Italian, and call himself "Signor Dob-

Ye, who love to scold your neighbors,
Love to magnify their follies,
Love to swell their faults and errors,
Love to laugh at other's dullness,
Making sport of other's failings—
Buy this modern Yankee fable ;
Buy this song that's by no author.

Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,
Love the stilted lines of burlesque,
Want to read a song historic,
Want to read a song prophetic,
Want to read a mixed-up story
Full of facts and real transactions,
Which you know are true and life-like—
Also full of lies and fictions,
Full of characters of fancy
And imaginary people,

Ye, who want to see policemen,
 Roman heroes, modern Bloomers,
 Heathen gods of every gender,
 News-boys, generals, apple-peddlers,
 Modern ghosts of ancient worthies,
 Editors, and Congress members



1st Congressman, 2^d Editor, 3^d Ghost of 4th lamented Democrat, etc., etc.

With their bowie-knives and horsewhips,
 Saints and scoundrels, Jews and Gentiles,
 Honest men of ancient fable,
 With historic modern villains,

**Making such a curious legend
As the world has never read of ;
Headless, tailless, soulless, senseless,
Even authorless and foundling—
Buy this modern Yankee fable,
Buy this song that's by no author.**

**Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
Through the alleys of the city,
Where the smell of gas escaping,
And the odors of the gutters,
And the perfume of the garbage,
And the fragrance of the mud-carts
Don't remind you of the country,
Or the redolence of roses ;
Pause by some neglected book-stall,
For awhile to muse and ponder**

L

The Pipe, and who Smoked it:

WITH ALL THE PARTICULARS.



With his wife and all his children,
With his Juno and the babies,
Sat one morning eating breakfast.
On his feet he had his slippers,
On his lap he laid his napkin,
In his hand he held the paper,
Looking at the "City Items ;"
To his lips he raised the buckwheat
Pancakes, dripping with molasses—
To his lips he raised the coffee,
Throwing back his head celestial,
Opening wide his jawbones godlike,
Showed the winding pathway for it,
Saying to it—"Run down this way."

From a shelf within a closet,
Taking down his pipe of comfort,
With its bowl of yellow meerschaum,
With its stem of india-rubber,

JUPITER SUBMISSIVE.

29

Breathed upon a lump of charcoal,
Till, in flames, it burst and kindled—
Then, in meek obedience to that
Superstition of the ladies,
That tobacco scents the curtains,
Mister Jupiter, the mighty,
As a signal to the kitchen
That he had devoured his breakfast,
And they might wash up the dishes,
Walked out doors into the woodshed,
There to smoke his pipe of comfort.



With one leg across the other
In the style of Mrs. Bloomer,
At the Woman's Rights Convention,
Mister Jupiter sat smoking :
And the smoke rose fast and faster,
As he sat there puffing, puffing,
Like a furious locomotive—
A celestial locomotive.
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Ever rising, rising, rising
Till it touched the roof above him,
And rolled outward through the chink-holes

But the nations did n't see it,
And the Indians could n't see it,
Or the warriors would n't see it,
If they did, they did n't mind it,
They had other things to look to.

All the Pawnees and Omawhaws,
With their squaws and their papposes,
Had their hunting grounds deserted,
To attend a grand convention,
Red republican mass-meeting,
Which you 'll find, described in detail,
In the "Song of Hiawatha."
Hiawatha gave them tickets
Over all the lakes and rivers,
So they all went free, as deadheads.

Through the window of the woodshea,
Through the smoke so thick and solid,
Through his spectacles so clouded,
Through his little kitchen-garden,
Through the shadows of the beanpoles,
Mister Jupiter, the mighty,
Saw a maiden coming toward him.

To his feet, at once, he started—
Threw the oil in a corner,

Threw his pipe into the ashes,
Threw his slippers through the window—
Through the smoke, and through the doorway,
Through the alley, through the garden,
He went rushing forth, to meet her.

Then and there he met and kissed her,



Jupiter, of Thunderer, embracing of Pankee Goddess America.

Then and there he long embraced her,
Looking backward toward the kitchen,
Trembling lest his wife should see him.
Little fear of that, however.

With a torn and dirty dress on,
Studying the latest fashions.

Who then, was this stranger maiden?

Who was this pedestrian female?

Hear ye! hear ye! patient reader:

This fair lady was a goddess,

Dressed in deerskin shoes and leggins,

Dressed in wampum, beads, and feathers—

Quite a quisby looking goddess,

Still a goddess without question.

Miss America her name was,

And she used to live in heaven,

In the ancient, heathen heaven,

Till she had a "muss" one evening,

Had a little row with Juno,

And was forced to leave those "diggins."

Jupiter on earth had placed her—

Made her ruler of the nations,



The gentle America beareth a slight difficulty both of
 Goddess Juno.

Made her queen of all the country,
 All the continent so mighty,
 Which was named from her cognomen,
 Named America, the glorious.*

For awhile her reign went smoothly,
 And her amiable subjects
 Shot, and killed, and scalped each other,
 Roasted, broiled and stewed each other
 With most excellent good-nature,
 To her utmost satisfaction :

* There is a ridiculous story that this country was called America

Then she liked their sports and pastimes,
 Much enjoyed her situation.
 But she now returned to heaven,
 Seeking Jupiter, the mighty.
 What she came there to complain of,
 What she said, and what she wanted,
 You shall hear if you'll be patient.



Of favorite and innocent pastimes of the gentle Sabages.

Mister Jupiter, the mighty,
 Quick returning to the woodshed,
 On his lap took up the lady,
 Bade her tell him all her story.
 Thus she sned — — — — — tears and snobbing.

Have cleared out and left the country.
 When the poet, Henry Wadsworth,
 Wrote the song of Hiawatha,
 He took all my Indian subjects,



He very rapacious Henry abducts of Salvages from
 of Wisconsin America.

All my pretty, playful warriors,
 With their toys, the knife and war-club,
 With their pretty games of scalping,
 And their pleasant sports of roasting,

All the Indians have departed,
 All the land is now deserted ;
 In it there is not a warrior,
 Not a squaw, pappoose, or puppy ;
 Nothing left—save Indian summer—
 He's got all my Indians somewhere."

Speaking thus, she put her finger
 In her mouth, as little children
 Always do when grieved and troubled,
 Then began to sob and blubber.



Talked to her in tender accents,
 Talked to her as human mothers
 Do to peevish human babies.
 "Don't it cry, the darling Ducky,



America, being much affected, wiped her nasal Organ with g^d Syron.

Henry Wadsworth *sha'n't* abuse it:
 It *shall* have some pretty playthings.
 Let the naughty Henry Wadsworth
 Have the ugly, nasty Indians,
 For his song of Hiawatha,
 You shall have some handsome white men,
 From across the boundless ocean,
 Who shall be your pets and playthings.

Then the maiden stopped her crying,
 Wiped her nose upon her apron,
 On her spotted doeskin apron ;
 Kissed old Jupiter, the mighty,
 Slyly, so his wife, so jealous,
 Shouldn't find it out and scratch him—
 Then ran back to earth to wait for
 The fulfillment of the promise.
 And old Jupiter, the mighty,
 As he sat upon the slop-pail,
 Looking through the unwashed window,
 Saw her vanish through the garden,



Jupiter, a much respected, witness to the departure of a certain
 American—

II.

Who came, and where He came from.



IN the sea-shore stood the
Goddess,

Stood America, the Goddess,

Vengeance on the painted redskins,
Vengeance on them "all and several,
From the burly, bowleg chieftain
To the puling, bowleg baby.

Thus ran her soliloquizing—

(Minus all the execrations),

"Traitor Injun! you're a blackguard,

Thus to leave a 'love lorn woman,'

Leave an 'unprotected female'

To the mercy of the wildcats.

When the poet, Henry Wadsworth,

Has sold out his last edition

Of the song of Hiawatha,

He will have no more of Injuns;

He will send you trooping homeward.

Then, when you approach these borders,

I will give you such a welcome,

Such a welcome as you read of.

When the white-man comes—the pale-face,

In his great canoe with pinions,

From the regions of the morning,
From his home across the ocean,
I shall tell him all the story,
Story of the Injun blackguards.
He shall burn your towns and wigwams,
He shall plow your grounds of hunting,
He shall fell your woods and forests,
Slay your weakened, warring nations,
Drive them westward to the river,
Drive them westward to the ocean ;
Feast his dogs upon your corpses,
Make your bones up into toothpicks,
Into fine-tooth combs and tooth-picks.



I will show him, in the country,
Things that you have never thought of,
You red rascals never dreamed of,
He shall make this wide-spread country
Such a cultivated country,
That you red-skins will be 'nowhere.'"

Thus this young, sweet-tempered maiden
Paced along the sandy sea-shore,
Waiting for the coming pale-face ;
Talking to the absent Injun,
Swearing at the blackguard "Injun,"
Shaking both her fists in anger
At the "Injun," and at Henry
Who had "cabbaged" all her "Injuns"
For his song of Hiawatha.

For across the bouncing ocean,
On a self-conceited Island,
Dwelt the tribe of Pilgrim-father-us.

Strong were they in nerve and muscle,
Strong were they in will and firmness,
Strong in stanchness and reliance :
But they always came out strongest
On the question of Religion.
They had their peculiar notions
Of the future state of mortals ;
Had their own ideas of Tophet,
Had their own ideas of Satan ;
Differing from the other churches.
So the opposition Christians
Tried to turn them, and convert them
To the opposition doctrines—
Tried to *drive* them into heaven,
By a path which did not suit them.
So they had to leave the country,
And as martyrs, injured martyrs
Persecuted sea-sick martyrs,
In a big canoe—the Mayflower—

Reached their place of destination,
Landed on the rocky sea-shore.



He persecuted Pilgrim fath-us cross y^e terrible ocean to y^e new Countee.

Chief among these seedy martyrs,
Chief of these amphibious martyrs,
Of the tribe of Pil-grim-fath-us ;
First at prayer, at praise, at dinner,
Was the captain, Piuri-bus-tah.

He it was who held the painter,
Held the painter of the yawl-boat ;
He it was who held the boat-hook,
Standing in the foremost yawl-boat ;
He it was who dropped the painter.

Jumped up to his waist in water,
Wetting both his boots and breeches,
Waded through the floating sea-weed,



Landing of 2^d first Pilgrim.

Braving all the crabs and lobsters.

EXIT OF THE GODDESS.

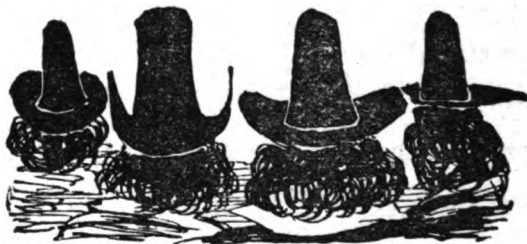
48

Till he stood on solid gravel—
Stood, the first, upon the sea-shore.

Here America received him
With a complicated court'sey,
Showed him the surrounding country,
Showed him all the wide-spread country,
Led him all about the country,
Gave him, ere she parted with him,
Quit-claim deeds of all the country ;
Then she left him in possession,
And went off about her business.

What her business was, don't ask me .
Where she went to, do not ask me ;
How she got there, do not ask me ;
When she died, or whom she married,
I don't know ; so don't you ask me .

Fastened at his knees with ribbons,
 On his shoes, with silver buckles,
 On his hat, so tall and steeply,
 Like the Tribune's news reporters :



The correct and authentic Portraits of the Reporters of the Tribune.

And the sun continued shining,
 Poured its golden rays upon him,
 To baptize the new born nation,
 Wouldn't go to bed and leave him,
 Till it saw the country's christening.

Thus spoke Pluri-bus-tah, solus,
 "Glorious country ! new found country !

From myself, your future master—
 From my cognomen euphonic.
 Hail! thou land of Pluri-bus-tah!
 Beign here ever, Pluri-bus-tah!



22^c Golden America (table) to the sun-burn and (table) (table)
 to his own collection.

III.

**Fight number one—who whipped, who died, and
how many ran away.**



The way in which the Pilgrim Fathers punished the
Savages.

HUS the tribes of Pil-grim fa-

thus

And were borne across the ocean,
To the land of Pluri-bus-tah—
Found a land to preach and pray in,
With no opposition Christians
Who would bother or disturb them.

Here was freedom of opinion,
Here was liberty of action,
Here they might kneel down in prayer,
On the sand, and on the gravel,
On the sea-weed and the clamshells,
Till these last testaceous relics
Cut their breeches into tatters.
They appreciated freedom,
And they liked their new-found country ;
So they straight began to clear it,
Fit it for a *nation's* cradle,

Forth, into the hills and mountains,
Doing Pluri-bus-tah's bidding,
Doing just what he commanded.

Pluri-bus-tah took his coat off,
Took his tall and steeply hat off,
Rolled his shirt-sleeves to his elbows,
Took his friends, the Ax and Rifle,



"The Ax and the Rifle."

As his aids to tame the country:
For the Indians, returning

Fierce and cruel were these red men :
Hiawatha's deadhead tickets
Only thither paid their passage,
Thither to his great convention ;
And the disappointed warriors
Had to work their passage homeward,
They were therefore very savage.
Very ugly were these red men,
Clothed in furs, and skins and feathers,
Armed with tomahawks and war-clubs,
Scalping knives, and bows and arrows,
Also other dire inventions,
Which at present I can't think of.
Mr. Cooper says these red men
All were daring, brave, and noble,
Frank, and honest, open-hearted,
Gentlemanly, proud, and stylish ;

Who read Mr. Cooper's novels,
And the song of Hiawatha,
Think how nice 't would be to marry
With some noble Indian Chieftain—
Live with him upon the prairies,



Pr. Salvage of romance.

Live with him within the forest,
Sleep, at night, beside his camp-fire,

But the red men Pluri-bus-tah
 Found upon his timbered country
 Were not all attired in feathers
 Feathers of the screaming Eagle;
 Were not handsome as he-angels,
 Nor as honest as they should be;



† right natural Salbagr from nature.

But they dressed in dirty breech-clouts;
 Striped their noble faces over
 With vermilion and red ochre,
 Till they looked like Dr. Watson's
 Temple of the "Holy Zebra."

28 PLURIBUSTAH ARGUES WITH HIS FOES

Stole his guns, and stole his horses ;
And, besides these little foibles,
Had an inconvenient fashion
Of igniting all his wigwams ;
Roasting, in the flames, his women,
While they killed and scalped his children.
Pluri-bus-tah didn't like it,
So he thought that he would coax them,
Coax these red, romantic Indians
To depart and leave the country
Free to him and his descendants.
And our hero brought such reasons,
In his argument, to back him,
And his words were so persuasive,
And his reasons so convincing,
That the red men all departed,
Save a number of the boldest,



The corner top of Salbagus remains.

Liberty, another Goddess,
 Roaming, with her sister Justice,
 Through the land in search of pleasure,
 From a distance saw this meeting ;
 Came and sat upon the corner
 Of a rail-fence round a corn-field :
 Bringing also her relation,
 Who sat on the fence beside her.

As these amiable ladies
 Sat upon the nearest angle
 Of the worm-fence, close together,
 Young Miss Liberty reached over

58 SPEECHES BY THE FEMININE DELEGATION.

So she, too, could see the pastime.
Then they clapped their hands together,
Cheering on the valiant hero.
"Give the red men Goss!" said Justice;
Give them fits, brave Pluri-bus-tah!
Take your stand in yonder forest,
Where their arrows can not hit you,
Where their tomahawks can't hurt you,
Where their scalping-knives can't reach you,
Thence, in safety, you can shoot them,
With your rifle you can kill them."



3^d Goddesses look at 2^d Fight.

Drive him westward from the prairie,
Drive him westward to the mountain,
Drive him westward to the ocean,
Then beneath the waves submerge him.
Chase him from his grounds of hunting,
Chase him from his father's ashes,
Chase him west, with fire and fagot,
Chase him into the Pacific.
Give him Goss ! for he's no business,
Business none, to be an Injun."

Pluri-bus-tah, thus encouraged,
Soon persuaded all the warriors
To depart and leave his clearing ;
Then he turned, to ask the ladies
To the house to get some hoe-cake ;
But they both had started homeward,

Straightway, he commenced his business,
Set to work to right the blunders,
Which Dame Nature'd fallen into,
When she first laid out the country:
For this lady's first arrangements
Didn't suit his views exactly.
So he chopped the forest trees down,
Then he cleared the rotting stumps off,
Then he filled the mountain dales up,
Then he bored the mighty hills through,
Thus he altered all the landscape,
Just to suit his Yankee notion.

On the mountain streams built saw-mills,
Then he dragged the lofty pine-trees,
Evergreen, and moaning pine-trees,
Trees which crowned the crag and mountain,
Emerald coronal of mountain,
Pride of the primeval forest,
Glory of the tangled forest

Towering, vegetable giants,
 With a hundred arms to battle,
 Battle with the mighty Storm-Wind!

These the valiant Pluri-bus-tah,
 Armed with ax, went out to conquer.
 Round their roots he made his ax fly,
 Round his head he made the chips fly,
 On his breeches made the pitch fly,
 While the horse-fly, and the gad-fly
 Made his pious oaths, like mad, fly.



Showing how he cutteth ye magic tree.

Pluri-bus-tah, persevering,
 Laid

Sawed their heads off, sawed their hearts out,
Sawed them into slabs and scantling,
To make wigwams for his people.

And his tribe kept on increasing,
Building villages and cities,
Widening cow-paths into post-roads,
Building boats upon the rivers,
Sending ships across the ocean,
Making forts, and arming soldiers,
Training men, and getting ready—
Ready to fight all creation.



IV.

**Fight number two—how many rounds, and who
couldn't come to time.**



UHL Britannia, a lady
Who resided on the
sea-shore,
On the other side the
ocean :

Who was mistress of the
island,

*Britannia
Ruler of the
island of the
British Ocean.*

Of the self-conceited island, Digitized by Google

Who was Pluri-bus-tah's mother,
But who ever had denied it,
Till she saw him well and thriving,
Then her truant son remembered.

Pluri-bus-tah, glad to see her,
Treated her with love and kindness :
But, one evening, in a frolic,
He, to play a joke upon her,
Mixed her tea with salt sea-water.
She, however, like the modern
Yankee poet, K. N. Pepper,
"Didn't see the goak," but, straightway
Fell into a furious passion—
Threatened she would spank her offspring,
Spank our hero, Pluri-bus-tah !
He, however, still remembering
That she set him up in business
(Though, in truth, she didn't know it.

But at last, he "got his grit up"—
 "Up to concert pitch," and higher ;
 And he swore eternal vengeance,
 If she didn't stop her jawing ;
 Said he couldn't strike a woman,
 But, if she would send a champion,
 He would "wallop him like blazes."

So Brittania, his mother,
 Sent her other son to whip him ;
 His big brother, Johnny Taurus,
 Who should punish him severely.



*of g^c Taurus, from g^c sketch in possession
 of g^c Durham framplic.*

When *h* saw his foeman coming.

And his heart was hot within him,
 Like a heated brick his heart was.
 Out he strode into the meadow,
 At each stride a rod he measured ;
 And he journeyed on, and onward,
 Left his wigwam far behind him ;
 In his hand a rope he carried,
 With some stakes, an ax and tape-line ;
 When he reached the distant meadow,
 He let down the bars and entered.
 There he built a " ring," according



Spoking him of Pluribusus, much excited, built a ring.

To the laws of British "Fancy"—

Liberty, had, from a distance,
Seen this muss of Pluri-bus-tah—
Seen him, with his ax and tape-line,
Working in the distant meadow,
Building there the ring for battle.

On came Johnny and his mother,
For his mother came to back him,
There to see fair play and honor,
In the battle with his brother.
And she brought her Lion with her,
As a pleasant seat to sit on ;
Which should keep her feet from wetting
In the damp and swampy meadow.
Liberty could hold no longer,
When she saw the trio coming.

Made him perch upon her shoulder,
With the bird she took her station,
In the ring with Pluri-bus-tah,
There to watch the coming battle.

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand, of skill and science.
Liberty, the "fair-play" maiden,
Stood beside our Pluri-bus-tah,
Stood there as his bottle-holder,
Every round with anguish watching—
Holding hat, and coat, and neckcloth—
Cheered him when he felt downhearted,
Cheered him with her words of comfort,
Cheered him with the promised future,
Cheered him with her sweet caresses,
Cheered him with the brandy bottle,
When he felt his strength declining.

Seven long years the battle lasted,

'T was a rough and tumble combat,
Neither yielding to the other.
Johnny had his Ma to back him,
The old Lady stood behind him,
Urging him to prove courageous,
Prove himself a lad of spirit.
Pluri-bus-tah, he was fighting
With a "handsome gal" beside him,
And was bound to win the battle,
Win the fight, or die a-trying.

Seven long years they banged each other,
Battered, bruised, and mauled each other,
Sometimes, standing up and giving
Mutual knocks, with skill and science,
Like the Poole and Baker "Artists"—
Then again, like rowdy "Suckers,"

Biting at each other's noses,
 Knocking at each other's grinders,
 Till, at last, our hero whipped him
 So his mother didn't know him,
 Blacked his eyes, and bunged his nose up:
 Knocked his teeth out, caved his ribs in.



Mr. Suckers and Mr. Artistes.

Master Johnny lost his courage,
 Cried "Enough," and yelled for mercy;
 Lay down on his back and hallooed,
 Like Lord Forth, in the Crimea,
 At the fight of Balaklava,
 For his ma to come and take him
 Home and put him in the cradle.

And has, ever since, been tamer
Than the lions of Van Amburgh,
Or the lions of Herr Driesbach,
Or the lions down at Barnum's,
Who don't bite their master's head off,
Though they have him halfway swallowed.

When the fight, at last, was over,
Pluri-bus-tah rose rejoicing,
For he, too, was tired and weary ;
But he lifted Master Johnny
From the ground, and gently took him
Through the island, to the Battery,
Put him in a Jersey clam boat,
Put him in with his companions—
In the bow, the British lion,
In the stern, his ma, Britannia—
For a sail, the blood-red banner,

72 WHAT THE READER HAD BETTER DO.

Back to Britain and his people.
He must either eat the lion,
Or the lion must eat Johnny.
Whether he *did* eat the lion,
Or the lion *did* eat Johnny—
Whether each did eat the other,
Like the animals of story,
I don't know—you'd better ask them.



V.

A Free-love Marriage.



HEN the task at
last was ended,
And the handsome
three were fairly

Navigating home, toward Brit-
ain,

Dressed himself, and washed the blood off
Homeward then walked Pluri-bus-tah ;
Pleasant was the landscape round him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
And the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him.
But his eyes were badly bunged up,
And his face was sadly battered ;
Yet, with Liberty, the maiden,
Who had been his bottle-holder,
Arm in arm, started homeward.

Through the swamps, and through the
meadows,
Over brush, and over fences,
Wading creeks, and fording rivers,
Like the sons of old Virginia,
On they traveled, never tiring,*



He drinketh of Lager Beer.

Here, he drank a mug of "lager,"
But the lady, being modest,
Took a glass of cool spring water,
"With a fly in," to revive her.



Victo of of Fly.

Each one felt a "sort of likin"
 For the other, and for marriage—
 Felt a "passional attraction,"
 As the "Free-love" people have it :
 Which means—every girl have husbands,
 Ten or twenty if she needs them,
 All she wants if she can get them—
 Every man, a score of women,
 Every man a private harem,
 Like the Mormons now in Utah.



2^d Mormon father, 2^d children and 2^d mothers theret.

So Miss Liberty, the maiden,
 With no dowry but her petti-

Could n't mend a pair of breeches,
Could n't darn a pair of stockings,
Could n't wash the breakfast dishes ;
And *unlike* our modern ladies,
Could n't play guitar, piano,
Lute, or flute, or even Jewsharp,
Could n't work in fancy worsted
Dogs like mice, and cats like horses—
Men and mules so like each other,
None could tell, without inquiring,
Which was man and which was jackass,



The Sampler betw *A* & *D* and *page*.

Knew the mountain from the windmill.*
Liberty, though thus benighted,
Thus unfitted to be married,
Said she 'd wed with Pluri-bus-tah,
Take him in the Free-love fashion
As her first impromptu husband.

Pluri-bus-tah, not behind-hand,
Said he'd take the anxious lady,
Take her in the Free-Love fashion,
Take her, for a while, on trial.
This was Pluri-bus-tah's wooing,
Thus he won the bottle-holder,
Won the female bottle-holder,
Who had cheered him in the battle
Which he fought with Johnny Taurus.

This was Pluri-bus-tah's wedding,
And the old South Bell, at Boston,
Rang a loud and cheerful chorus—

VI.

The gathering of the Clans—what they went to
work at, and how much they got a month.



The Goddess Libertie wel-
cometh ye Strangers.

YEARS they lived in peace
together,

Years they lived and loved
each other.

Strove, with strong and honest action,
In the glorious cause of freedom,
Strove to make his wide-spread country
Freedom's home—where all the weary
And oppressed of every nation,
Should be welcome—welcome ever—
Welcome here to freedom's fireside.

Every morning Pluri-bus-tah
Went and stood upon the sea-shore,
On the sand upon the sea-shore,
Liberty stood there beside him.
Side by side they stood, and beckoned
To the East, and to the westward—
Called to every isle and country,
To the poor of every nation,
The oppressed of every nation,

“Come !” cried Pluri-bus-tah, calling
Till his voice awoke the echoes,
Echoes of the air and ocean,
“Come, from king, and queen, and monarch,
Come, from autocrat and despot,
In the cabin, if you’re wealthy,
If you ain’t, take steerage passage :
Only come and bring the babies,
Bring the red-faced, squalling babies
Bring the squealing, squirming babies,
Bring the babies and their cradles,
Bring the brats and all their playthings.
Come and help me make improvements,
Come and help me dig my ditches,
Come and help me build my cities,

Liberty, who stood beside him,
 Then would call, but not so loudly.
 Her acquaintance wan't extensive
 In the various lands of Europe,



3^d footsteps of 2^d Edt.

And in Asia, and "the rest of
 Mankind." She had ne'er been heard of;
 But she'd stand, and call as loudly
 As her feeble voice would let her.

The United States, and Jersey,
For a term of years, to live in—
Live in with my Pluri-bus-tah.
I shall live with Pluri-bus-tah
Just so long as I've a mind to.
If he shall become outrageous,
And run after other women,
I shall leave this Pluri-bus-tah,
For a home in the Pacific,
Probably in Nicaragua,
With the valiant Captain Walker.
But, at present, I'm a fixture,
In this infant Yankee nation,
And I shall be glad to see you
On the shore—be glad to greet you—
Bid you welcome to the country.”
Now it would not be becoming
For a lady thus to meet them,
Meet new-comers on the sea-shore ;
And if Liberty, this morning,

Should, with truth, repeat the welcome,
She would speak somewhat in this way:

“I will now appoint my agents,
Who shall stand at Castle Garden,
Who shall rob you of your money,
Take away your baggage from you,
Separate you from your children,
Send *you* one way, *them* another,
Send *you* off on unknown rail-roads,
Send *them* off on nameless steam-boats,
Send you all to divers dismal
Places you don't want to go to.



And all kinds of shameless rascals,
Who, in one huge deputation,
Thieving, swindling deputation,
Shall await you, on your coming,
And shall fleece you at their leisure.
This shall be your fitting welcome
To the glorious land of Freedom.*
Pluri-bus-tah, as aforesaid,
And his spouse, each pleasant morning,
Gave their pressing invitation
To the world, his wife and children.

Neptune, anxious to oblige them,
Sent a Mermaid with the message
Straight to Ireland and to Dutchland.
Barnum since has caught this Mermaid,
Whose great speed, on that occasion,

* From this passage it is probable this poem was written before

Spread her jaws and wore her tail off;
 But the Show-man's genius led him
 To attempt to splice a codfish
 To the waist of this fair maiden,
 That he might her life recover.



The poetic Eyes of the Mermaid.

Though he caught her on the instant,
 While her jaws with life were gaping,
 While her pretty fins were wriggling,
 While her pretty eyes were winking,

Though with skill he sewed the codfish,
 Sewed with silk and finest needle ;
 Though he took the smallest stitches,
 And with dirty wax concealed them
 From the prying, curious public,
 She died, she did, the fishy lady ;
 And the people now may see her
 At the Museum, in a bottle.



*The original and authentic Mermaid, from the Collection of
 the great Barnum.*

Though a belle among her kindred,

Though she was a sea-green Mermaid

She is now a scaly Mermaid ;
And the children who behold her,
A' n't so green as was the Mermaid ;
But they wink at her, in passing,
And they put their skeptic fingers
On their unbelieving noses.

When the news had reached these
countries,
Carried by the luckless mermaid,
There was quite as much commotion
As when, once, "The Fairy Light Guard,"
Advertised to visit Gotham.
And a huge Milesian army,
Every man named Pat or Murphy,
Each man with a wife prolific,
Each wife with a score of babies,
Came to settle in the country.



He terrible Editors of y^e Tribune and y^e unique corps of Reporters
look for y^e Fairy Light Guard.

Firmly bound with bands of iron,

Also came to see the country.

On the sea-shore stood our hero,

Welcoming the coming strangers.

They were hired by Pluri-bus-tah,

Hired to ditch and drain his marshes:

Some were conversant with digging,
Digging walls, and digging cellars:
Some were skilled in climbing ladders,
Bearing hods of brick and mortar,
Cutting stone, and hewing timber
For his forts, where Pluri-bus-tah
Might retire when danger threatened—
Danger from the ugly “Injuns,”
Or from spiteful Johnny Taurus,
Who still bore in mind his thrashing
At the battle of the meadow,
And was always slyly watching
For a chance to “give him Jesse.”
Thus, these foreigners, invited
By the loving Free-Love couple,
came. and lived and thrived and flourished.

VII.

Both the Hero did a great many things, and his
helped him.



ANY years they
lived together,

Bragging much of his "old woman,"
How she made his farm attractive,
How she managed all his people,
How she taught him Yankee Doodle,
Made him whistle Yankee Doodle.
And, so proud was he of having
Such a "gal" for his companion,
That he borrowed her red night-cap,
Liberty's old scarlet night-cap,
Stuck it on a pole, like Gealer's,
Made his people all swear by it.
And he took her petti-garment,
Garment blue, and striped and starry,
Nailed it just beneath the night-cap,
Swearing that should be his banner.

Thus they "lived and loved" together,

When they "lived and loved" together,

With the land and with the nation,
With his fondness and devotion,
That she telegraphed her parents,
Living in the good old homestead,
In the old Arcadian farm-house,
Near the mansion with the woodshed,
Once before, herein, referred to ;
Telegraphed to send her sisters,
Peace and Thrift, to come and dwell there.
She would clothe them, she would board them,
Do their mending and their washing.

Had this city of Manhattan
Then been built, in working order,
She would, probably, have promised
She would show them round the city—
Take them up to Wood and Christy's,
Take them over to the Bowery,



He's great forrest as he's renowned Salvage Metamora.

Take them, next night, round to Burton's.
There to see the tipsy Toodle,



He's immense Burton as he's redoubtable Toodles.

See the members gouge each other,
See the six-foot brawny members,
Reason with their six-inch pistols,
Hear them argue with their rifles,
And debate with three-foot bowies.
Take them to the Model Artists,
Take them to the Free-Love Union,
Put them on the special Free List,
Let them have the freest freedom ;
If her "fogy" of a father
Would permit her darling sisters
Then to come and make a visit,
Visit her and Pluri-bus-tah.

And her sisters came to see her,
Came and brought their bag and baggage,
Brought their trunks and change of linen,

Had a sweet embrace, three-handed,
In the orthodox stage fashion.



3^d label and accomplished Sisters embrace.

But they soon recovered from it,
From this spasm of affection,
Picked up all their bags and bundles,
Rearranged their rumpled collars,
And, with pleasure in their faces,
Marched into the house to dinner.

What they had that day for dinner,
What the bill of fare included,
Do not ask, for I can't tell you.

Liked the looks of all the country,
And made up their minds to stay there.

Shortly they got fairly settled,
And began to look about them ;
Then they saw that Pluri-bus-tah
Was a man of strength and vigor,
Capable of great achievements,
But was ignorant and boorish,
Uninformed and uninstructed.

Peace determined she would teach him.
She would make him stop his fighting,
She would teach him and instruct him ;
Thrift resolved she would relieve him
Of the charge of all his acres,
And would work the farm without him.
Pluri-bus-tah, nothing lothful

Learned of her what strength and power
 Lay within his own hard sinews—
 Learned of her to dig the coal-mine,
 Learned to find the beds of iron ;
 This he dragged unto his work-shop,
 Dragged it to his smoky work-shop,
 There to learn its various uses,
 Learn of Peace how he should use it.



He instructed himself in the Arts and the Manufactures.

Toiling under her direction,

Which should bring him wealth and glory ;
 Here he made the mighty Mill-wheel,
 Here the Loom, the Lathe, the Engine.
 Here he built the Locomotive,
 Here is where he tamed the Lightning,



Supposed to be the great pundit B. Franklin, Esq., astonished
 at the Lightning.

VIII.

A single-handed game of Gray.



He *Wur-fus-tah* experimenting
with *g^e* first Locomotive.

ONG he toiled, with Peace
to help him,

In the dim and smoky workshops,

Having dotted all his country,
Full of thriving towns and cities,
He determined he would bind them
Firm, with iron bands, together ;
Iron roads for iron horses,
Iron bridges for his lightning
Which should run on errands for him.
He commenced his rail-road building—
Building monstrous locomotives ;
Through his land, in all directions,
Telegraphs and railroads made he ;
Leaving, in each distant corner,
Some memento of the lessons
And the wisdom Peace had taught him.
In the cities, Lathes and Foundries,

By the sea-shore, Ships and Steamboats,
Wharves and Docks and sheltering Harbors;
Sending off huge fleets of shipping,
Far away to every country,
Far across the conquered ocean,
Carrying to the world his boasting.
This, his vegetable bragging,
Which he o'er and o'er repeated,
Oft, himself, his words encoring,
Chuckling to himself with pleasure,
Laughing with such vigorous pleasure,
That he often tore his breeches.
But of *this* he never wearied,
Wearied of this classic sentence—
"Pluri-bus-tah is some pumpkins!"

IX.

What a Woman Did.



Thrift brings in samples of
Agricultural Products

HILE he had been toil-
ing, delving,
In his workshop, dim and
darksome,

Thrift had kept her promise
truly,

And had managed well the acres,
Which to her he had intrusted.

And had put her wooden shoes on,
 And, with plow, and drag, and harrow,
 Spade, and hoe, and rake, and pitchfork,
 She had gone into the country,
 And had worked in truthful earnest.



Showing how Christ, of graceful, did labor in of fields.

She had plowed, and she had harrowed,
 She had hoed, and raked, and spaded,
 She had planted corn and cotton,
 Wheat and rice, and canes for sugar,
 She had raised broad-leafed tobacco,
 And had saved the crop for Gilsey.
 When she heard that Pluri-bus-tan

Turned her footsteps to the sea-shore,
There to talk with Pluri-bus-tah.

Of her crops she bore him samples,
In her arms she bore the samples,
On her back she bore the samples,
Had her pocket full of samples,
On her head a mammoth wash-tub,
Cedar wash-tub, full of samples :
Corn, tobacco, rice and sugar,
Beets and turnips, wheat and cotton,
Sugar-cane and sweet potatoes.
From her shoes up sprung the corn-plant,
From her head up sprung the hemp-plant,
From her hair down fell the grape-vine,
In her bosom, winter squashes,
In each hand a golden pumpkin,
In each eye a tear of pleasure,
In her mouth a string of onions,

Thus she came to Pluri-bus-tah,
 Standing on the sandy sea-shore.
 Pluri-bus-tah, glad to see her,
 Tried to greet her like a sister,
 Tried to hug her, but the squashes
 Kept his arms from going round her :
 Tried to kiss her, but the onions
 Of her mouth had got possession.



Pluri-bus-tah in g^t fullness of his heart embraced g^e probident ~~Cher~~.

Of her load he soon relieved her,
 Laid the samples on the sea-shore,

Made her sit upon a pumpkin
 While she should relate her story:
 Tell how she his farm had managed,
 Tell him of the new improvements,
 Tell him truly all about it.
 And they sat upon the sea-shore,
 On the pumpkins by the sea-shore.



Whirl-bus-ty instructs to g^d narrative of g^d president Cliff.

And she told him all the story,
 Told him all she knew about it.

Then he yelled aloud with pleasure,
 Then he loaded all his shipping,
 All his sloops and scows and clam-boats

Loaded them with these productions
Which industrious Thrift had brought him ;
Sent them off to various nations,
People who lived far beyond the
Kind, accommodating ocean.
And they sent to Pluri-bus-tah,
In return for his productions,
Gold and silver, plenty of it,
Just what Pluri-bus-tah wanted.

Then he climbed upon a mountain,
Took his station on a mountain,
With his hands stuck in his pockets,
With his legs stretched wide asunder,
Thence surveying all the landscape.

Thence he saw his iron rail-roads,
Thence he saw his monster steamers,
Thence he saw his matchless clippers,
Thence he saw his northern corn-fields.

All the rail-roads, all the steamers,
 All the scows, or tugs, or clippers,
 All were bringing money, money,
 Money home to Pluri-bus-tah.



Pluri-bus-tah himself, of world from y^e mountain-top, supposed to be y^e
 Braoklyn Nigyt.

X.

What the Hero worshiped.



As the money
poured upon
him,
In a golden
stream upon
him,

Pluri-bus-tah came to love it,
Better, every day, and better.

Better, every day, and better :
Better, soon, than truth or honor.
But he built his costly churches,
Chapels, altars, meeting-houses,
Through his land, in every hamlet,
Through his land, on every hill-side.

And in these he worahiped heaven,
Blacked with care his boots each Sunday,
Changed his shirt and put his coat on,
Shirt and piety together ;
Keeping bright his Christian armor,
In the closet with his broadcloth,
With his Sunday boots and broadcloth

And on each lamented Sunday,
Would put on both suits together.
With his boots, put on his bounty.

Thus would go to Christian service,
Sleeping through the prayers and sermon.
Yet at night he'd take his suit off,
Take his broadcloth Sunday suit off;
With it take his Christian zeal off,
Roll them carefully together,
Lock them in a drawer together;
Never wearing suit of broadcloth,
Never putting on religion,
Save before the pious people,
For a dozen hours on Sunday.

Yet he worshiped truly, fondly,
With the most intense devotion,
Tireless, weariless devotion.
But the idol that he worshiped
Did not dwell with priests or pastors,

In the bottom of his pocket,
Bottom of his deepest pocket.

And he bowed and knelt before it,
Not one day in seven only,
But each morning's early sunlight
Brought the thoughts of this his idol.
And each night's uneasy slumber
Brought the dreams of this his idol.
And he bowed and knelt before it,
Daily, hourly, without ceasing—
As attentive to his idol
As are Branch and Briggs to Matsell.

In the street and in the market,
And in sanctimonious Wall-street,
On the wharves beside the sea-shore,
In the mud beside the sea-shore,



g^r ponderous and g^r mytic Chief of Police; g^r man that terrified g^r
 Disinterested Briggs and g^r Barnacle Branch.

Knelt before, and bowed and prayed to,
 Prayed to with such zeal and fervor
 That he cut his pantaloons through—
 Cut his knees upon the gravel?"

This should be my instant answer: Google

Some respect and veneration.
But the god he wildly worshiped,
Traded off his heart and soul for,
(As of old did Doctor Faustus,
Swapping jackknives with the Devil),
Was the king of dimes and quarters,
Was the god of Pluri-bus-tah.
And the prayers which he, on Sunday,
Offered to the King of Heaven,
To 'Our Father,' King of Heaven,
From his lips fell strange and coldly.
But the week-day prayer he uttered,
Daily, hourly prayer he uttered,
From his heart came hot and earnest,
And the language run this wise:
'Potent, and ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!'

Liberty, in scarlet-night-cap,
As, if living now, she might be
Photographed, full length, by Brady,
Graced the side of every dollar;
So that when he kissed his idol,
Liberty felt complimented,
Thinking it was her dear picture
Pluri-bus-tah loved so fondly.

Never maiden more mistaken,
Pluri-bus-tah loved the *dollar*,
Potent and "ALMIGHTY DOLLAR,"



XI.

Fight number three, with variations.



**ELL, their honeymoon had
lasted
Longer than had been ex-
pected.
Fifty years had passed, and
left them
Better, firmer friends than
ever.**

Through the fields of snowy cotton,
Through his acres of tobacco,
Thought how many dimes they brought him,
But the thought of what they cost him,
What he paid for work and labor
Was a saddening reflection ;
And he turned the matter over,
Thought how he could be more saving,
Save the sum his broad plantations,
Yearly cost for work and labor.



Portrait of Mr. Blackmore.

Rich in muscle and in sinew,
Strong and vigorous and active ;
And his skull, like boiler iron,
And his hands, like legs of mutton,
And his feet, like small portmanteaus,
And his back, so broad and brawny,
Made him just the very person
To do Pluri-bus-tah's toiling,
In his Southern rice plantations.

Pluri-bus-tah pondered on it,
Pondered long upon the question ;
But, at last, he made his mind up,
And resolved to conquer Cuffee,
Make him work and do his drudging.
But he didn't mean to pay him,
Pay him for his toiling labor,
That would be no speculation,
For he loved his darling dollars ;

He resolved to conquer Cuffee,
 Make him work for him for nothing,
 Make him work, or else he'd lick him.

Pluri-bus-tah then got ready ;
 For the battle then made ready ;
 First took off his coat and jacket,
 Put his boots on, rolled his sleeves up ;
 Then he took a horn of whisky,



~~Pluri-bus-tah~~ ~~with~~ on ~~of~~ Spirits to strengthen him in ~~of~~ Combat
 in a horn.

Of the juice of the Mondainin,
Treated of in Hiawatha ;
Drank about a half a gallon,
Then went out to fight with Cuffee.

Pretty soon he met with Cuffee,
Said, " Good morning to you, Cuffee ;
How are all the babies, Cuffee ?
How is pretty Mistress Cuffee ?"
For a while he talked with Cuffee ;
Then he made a face at Cuffee ;
Then, at once, squared off at Cuffee,
Instantly " sailed into" Cuffee ;
And he whaled away at Cuffee,
Injured and astonished Cuffee !
Cuffee's shins were bruised and battered ;
Cuffee's ribs were sore and aching ;
Cuffee's wool was torn and tangled ;

Juicy sausage, damaged sausage.
And each lip looked like an oyster,
Like a huge, disfigured oyster ;
Like an oyster with the shell off.
Cuffee yelled and begged for mercy,
Cuffee yielded and was conquered.



Singular appearance and peculiar expression of countenance of Blackamoor
had after his set-to with Pluri-bus-tah.

Then the victor, Pluri-bus-tah,
Fastened Cuffee's hands behind him,
Tied his huge feet close together,

Made him hoe, and dig, and grub there ;
Told him if he did n't do it,
He'd come every day and thrash him,
Every morning after breakfast.

Should you ask me "What's the reason ?"
I should answer, I should tell you,
In the words of Pluri-bus-tah,
In the words he spoke to Cuffee,
"I am white, and I am stronger,
You are black, and you are weaker,
And, beside, you have no business,
And no right to be a nigger."

After this triumphant battle
Pluri-bus-tah started homeward,
Thrust his hands into his pockets,

That she might rebel against it,
Make a row and scratch his eyes out.



Indication of a time in which (Puritanism) expected to be succeeded by
a grade Liberty.

XII.

Matrimonial Endearments—Fight number four.



ORN had given way to night-
fall.

It was growing dark and
darker,

As he traveled, whistling,
homeward,

And 't was midnight, after midnight,
Ere he reached his modest mansion ;
Which he entered with his night-key,
With his surreptitious night-key.

Liberty had long been sleeping,
Dreaming, snoozing in her bedroom,
Dreaming about Nicaragua.
Pluri-bus-tah pulled his boots off,
Wound his watch, and hung his hat up,
Then he sat him down to ponder ;
In his mind were some misgivings
That his wife would raise a rumpus,
And that he had best be ready,
Ready for a certain lecture.
For his spouse, though kind and gentle,
And most courteous before folks,

As he sat there, thinking, pondering,
He beheld, within the closet
Near, his suit of Sunday broadcloth,
All his Seventh-day religion—
Truth, Benevolence, and Mercy,
Charity, and Love for Brethren.
Then he felt within his pocket,
Deep recesses of his pocket,
And from thence he drew his idol—
Drew a shining, silver DOLLAR.
At the sight his heart grew harder ;
At the sight his hand clenched firmer,
And Benevolence and Honor,
Charity, and all Religion,
Faded into air before it.

Pluri-bus-tah still saw Cuffee

And he thought upon his bargain,
Wherein he got áll the winnings ;
Cuffee only blows and bruises.

Then he thought upon the profit,
Thought upon the pile of dollars
He should make by this transaction.

Then his conscience died within him,
Then his heart grew more courageous,
Then he marched into his bedroom,
Saw his wife asleep and snoring.
But he nerved himself to wake her,
Meaning there to stand and take it,
Stand and take her curtain-lecture.

She had gone to bed in anger,
Had tied on her blood-red nightcap,
Rolled the stars and stripes about her,
Wrapped the bed-clothes all around her,

Pluri-bus-tah's courage failed him
 When he saw the blood-red nightcap,
 But he took another toddy,
 Then one more, and cleared for action.



Pluri-bus-tah not wishing to awake his sleeping partner of his
 concern, treadeth lightly.

Softly, then the bed approaching,
 With a hand as kind and gentle
 As his nerves would then admit of,
 He began to wake the lady,
 Wake his wife, with fear and trembling.
 First he shook her, softly speaking
 In a low, caressing whisper :
 "Liberty, my Love : I want you ;
 Want to tell you something darling :

For the lady kept on snoring.
He began to get impatient,
When he found he could n't wake her,
And he took to harsher measures.

First, he pulled the pillow-case off,
Then he snaked the stars and stripes off,
Then he jerked the feather-bed off,
Then he almost jerked her head off,
Trying to jerk her scarlet cap off.
But these efforts could not wake her,
These mild measures did not wake her.
Then he took another toddy,
And he made a final trial.
Round he went, behind the bedstead,
And, *with* one tremendous effort,
Tipped the whole concern up edgewise ;



**Multi-bus-tah being under y^e influence of y^e Spirits, causeth y^e Bedstead to
tip in an unaccountable and wonderful manner; Liberty being
much surprised thereat.**

With a bound, like Gabriel Ravel,
When he jumps through some big mountain,
Through some interposing mountain,
Liberty sprang from the carpet ;
Sprang to arms and caught the broomstick,
Ran and caught a hickory broomstick,
Which she flourished o'er her husband.
Vengeance in her eye was flashing

Formed a splendid living picture,
Formed a grand tableau nocturnal.



Liberty (of much abuse), defined her position as of Strong-minded Woman.

But the lady did not strike him ;
For he was so "very humble,"
And his air so supplicating,
She, at once, laid down her weapon.
She, the first "strong-minded woman,"
Yielded to the cry for mercy—
Then, approaching Pluri-bus-tah,
Threw her dainty arms about him,
All his absence then forgiving.

That he'd touch her soul with toddy,
 Mollify her heart with whiskey,
 Get her feeling nice and jolly ;
 Then, when they were snug and cozy,
 In the height of her good nature,
 He would break his fearful tidings,
 And would tell the whole true story
 Of his fight with sable Cuffee.



Diuri-bus-tah assisteth y^e gentle Liberty to y^e seductive concoction
 called by y^e ancients, Punch.

So he made the whiskey-toddy,
 Made it hot, and sweet, and steaming,
 Placed the bowl upon the table,
 And they two sat down to share it.

Of his loved domestic quiet,)
He the history unfolded,
Told her the minutest details;
Link by link, he let the chain out,
As he saw the toddy working,
Till at last he got to "finis."

Liberty had coolly listened,
Listened with her whole attention,
Drank his words in with her whiskey,
But no syllable had spoken,
Had not breathed above a whisper,
Had not drank above a gallon.
But when Pluri-bus-tah finished,
When he had, at last, concluded,
And the toddy-bowl was empty,
Liberty, with grace uprising,
Placed her lovely arms akimbo,

Of Miss Stone and Mrs. Blackwell,
Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. Davis,
And all others of the modern
Breeches-claiming school of women ;
With her hair done up in papers,
And her feet in slouchy slippers,
With her sleeves rolled to her elbows,
With her little fists close doubled,
Thus she stood, upright, defiant,
To give Pluri-bus-tah "Jesse."



XIII.

I *Compromise, and what came of it.*



LURI-BUS-TAH, fearing,
trembling,
Got behind the little table,
Armed himself with tongs
and poker,
Making hasty preparations
For the storm he saw was
coming. Digitized by Google

“So you’ve gone and got a nigger,
Got a woolly-headed nigger.
I hate darkies, I can’t bear them ;
If you don’t send this one trooping,
Send him off about his business,
I’ll clear out, *I* won’t stay with you.
So you can now choose between us,
Lose your wife, or give up Cuffee.”

Pluri-bus-tah half relented,
Had almost a mind to promise,
But the hand within his pocket,
Closed upon the silver dollar.
Then the heart within his bosom
Hardened to the wrongs of Cuffee.
Then he saw the pile of dollars
He should save by keeping Cuffee.
Then he thought upon his marriage,
Which was but a *Free* love marriage :

Claim for maintenance or dower,
For the law of Free-love weddings,
Law of "Passional Attraction,"
Does n't give to either party
Claim upon the other's money.

With this comfort in his bosom,
And the dollars in his pocket,
Then he plucked his little spunk up,
Faced his wife, with timid courage,
Told her he should keep the nigger,
She might go about her business.
Told her that if she *did* leave him,
She was wrong and *he* was blameless ;
That if they *were* now divided,
She it was "de'ssolved the Union—"
She de'ssolved their "glorious Union"

And would take her to his bosom.
 All his thousand thousand acres,
 All should be assigned to Cuffee,
 He himself be ruled by Cuffee,
 Liberty might go to thunder !
 Then, of course, the lady fainted,
 Made the proper preparations,
 With a view to falling easy,
 Then, in one despairing bellow,
 Howled these words at Pluri-bus-tah :
 " Take your Cuffee—go to Cuffee—
 Leave your wife and go to Cuffee ! "



From the carpet up he raised her,
Down upon the bed he laid her,
And attempted to revive her,
Rubbed her hands and chafed her temples,
Sprinkled her with dirty water,
Scorched her nose with burning feathers,
Which restored her to her senses.
On his knees he went before her,
Offering, if she would forgive him,
Stay with him and not desert him,
He would compromise the matter ;
Make her satisfied with Cuffee.

After sobbing, sighing, whining,
They agreed upon this bargain.
Cuffee still should work the rice-fields,
Still should work the Southern rice-fields,
Still raise cotton and tobacco

XIV.

How a Woman got her spunk up and left the
country.



STRANGE to say, this holy horror,
This unbounded, pious horror,
Of oppression and wrong-doing,
Which the lady had paraded

White men were the ones downtrodden,
Ruled by masters quite as brutal,
Quite as grasping and exacting,
Wielding lashes quite as cruel
As the ones which Southern drivers
Flourished over sable Cuffee.
But the lady, when she wanted
Matter for her indignation,
Did not look at home, or near her,
But she turned her distant vision
To the line of Mah-sun-dic-sun.

Thus she overlooked the rascals
Who, at home, her name insulted,
Did not see the frauds and falsehoods
Of the men who wore her colors,
Who professed to do her bidding
In the Councils of the nation ;
Did not see the secret conclave,

To prescribe the rights of white men ;
Striving, white men's hands to fetter,
White men's tongues to gag and silence,
White men's homes to wreck and ruin,



Correct representation of 2^d Know-Nothing's Grand-Lodge, from a photograph by 2^d great Brady.

White men's hearts to crush forever ;
Doing every kindred outrage
In the sacred name of Freedom—
Did not see within the cities
All the festering corruption

These, and other little trifles
Which free white folks there encountered,
Needed quite as much correction,
Needed it, perhaps, as quickly
As did Cuffee need his freedom.

Strange she did not see that white men
In her Northern, lauded countries,
With their boasting brag of freedom
Had their own peculiar bondage,
Their "peculiar institution,"
Had a universal master ;
Had a master who exacted
An obedience far more abject
Than was ever asked of Cuffee
By the great Tobacco Raisers
In the Mah-sun-dic-sun country.

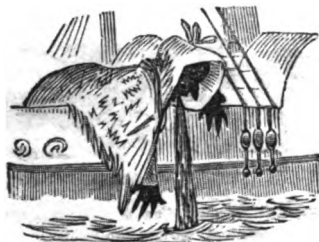
Liberty passed by this serfdom,

Were intent on other business,
Other things of more importance,
And her charity expended
Upon evils far more distant ;
So, at home, the wrong was growing,
Till the far-off wrong was righted.
Liberty thus made her mind up,
"White folks, you must wait for Cuffee.
If you're murdered, 'grin and bear it,'
I can only stop these murders
And attend to home religion,
When the heathen lands are godly,
Borrioboola Gha converted."
In the morning, when the sisters,
Peace and Thrift came down to breakfast,
They demanded explanation

Rose and swore they 'd leave the country,
Since she quarreled with her husband.
Liberty implored, entreated,
Begged, with tears and supplications,
They would stay and not desert her.
Thrift was won by her persuasion,
And agreed that she 'd stand by her,
She 'd stand by her weeping sister.
Thus she whispered, to console her :
" Where my sister lives will I live,
Where her home is there shall mine be :
When she dies or leaves the country,
I will follow next express-train."

Gentle Peace had got her grit up,
Got her " dander" fairly risen,

On their faces, necks, and shoulders,
 And embraced them with such feeling,
 With such tenderness and pathos
 That she tore their hooks and eyes off.
 Here she got on board the steamer
 And departed from the country,
 Looking very sad and sea-sick.



Owing to the roughness of the voyage, Peace casteth up her accounts.

*This is why these broad dominions,
 All the lands of Pluri-bus-tah,
 Never have known peace or quiet
 Since that fight with curly Cuffee.
 For while Cuffee kept his promise
 And attended to his business,*

Keeping Southward of the landmark,
 Of the line of Mah-sun-dio-sun,
 At the yearly 'lection season,
 Northern candidates for office,
 Making speeches full of horror,
 Showing furious indignation
 At the slavery of Cuffee ;
 Then would try to coax him Westward



The only true and authentic representation of the Under-ground Railroad, from the original, by one who knows.

By the subterranean railroad.
 Cuffee's masters this resented

Sat him in the chimney-corner,
With his hoe-cake and his fiddle,
Never thinking, never caring,
Who would win the fight, or lose it,
Satisfied that all the white men,
Whether Northern, whether Southern,
When they had him, would compel him
Still to do their menial service.

So he sat him down, contented
With his hoe-cake and his fiddle,
Since for white men he must labor,
Caring not where lived his master,
Whether North, or whether Southward
Of the line of Mah-sun-dic-sun.



XV.

The Consequences. Mother and Child
both doing well.



LIBERTY, like other ladies,

All the land from shore to mountain,
 All the seas, and lakes, and rivers ;
 Heir to all the lazy white folks ;
 Heir to Cuffee and his "increase,"
 "Increase" sable, yellow, piebald ;



Pluri-bus-tah rocketh *g'* Cradle, and Singeth *g'* favorite Song of
 "Go it wattle get Young," etc.

Heir to every thing his father
 Heretofore had been the lord of.
Pluri-bus-tah now was getting

Yunga-merrakah they called him,
Called this darling, precious offspring,
Which, translated, means "some pumpkins;"
And he grew and thrived as no one
E'er before had seen a "human."

When he had been born a fortnight,
He was missed from home one Sunday,
As the fire alarm was sounding.
Then was fear and consternation ;
For they feared the lovely youngster
Might, perhaps, have been run over ;
Might have fallen in the river,
Might, perhaps, have "got his neck broke;"
Might have "been and gone and done it,"
In some way they could not think of
So they searched in all directions,
Franticly, in all directions—
All the family and servants,

Who walked, arm in arm, together,
Talking about Briggs and Brandon.

But 't was Pluri-bus-tah found him,
Found him coming, in his shirt-sleeves,
With an engine from the Bowery,
From a fire up in the Bowery,



~~Fanga-Merrah~~ astonisheth of venerable and ever-to-be-respected
Pluri-bus-tah.

With *his* boots outside his breeches,
With a *hat*, cigar, and trumpet,
Looking *like* an infant "Syksey."

And squared off like Thomas Hyer;
 Crying to his frightened father,
 "G'way, old fel, or I shall hit yer.
 If you don't go 'way and leave me,
 I'll get 'Forty's' boys to lick yer!"
 Pluri-bus-tah called on Matsell,
 Trying to induce the youngster
 To return and see his mother.
 And at last they called a carriage,
 Then they formed a grand procession,
 With a guard of honor round it;
 Thus they took him home, lamenting.



The infant prodigy is conveyed to the paternal roof by the great
 Chief Matsell and the Reserved Corps.

Neither could his mother spank him;
 But the boy was lord and master—
 And his parents yielded to him.

Pluri-bus-tah, turning sadly
 From the boy, too big to manage,
 Still went piling up the dollars—
 Piled them up in heaps like mountains,
 For his hopeful son to scatter.



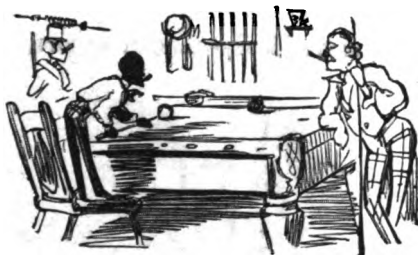
The boy in white Pluri-bus-tah pith up of little Lucie.

Still, with old and shriveled fingers,
 Still, with body bending double,
 Bent with age and bowed with sorrow,
 Still, with face all deeply wrinkled,

The old man still kept grasping, gaining,
Heaping, piling up the dollars,
For his hopeful son to scatter.

And the boy, thus loved and cherished,
Kept on growing fast and faster,
Kept on getting "fast" and "faster;"
And his doting father kept him
In the city of Manhattan,
To complete his education.
Kept him there to learn his country,
All about its early story,
All about its present greatness,
All its power, and might, and greatness ;
Trusting he would come to love it—
Love the land of Pluri-bus-tah :

And develop its resources.
 Yunga-Merrakah was willing
 To commence this undertaking,
 And at once procured him teachers
 In the city, to instruct him.
 Here he studied navigation,
 Here he practised ball projection.



He precocious youth Yunga-Merrakah taketh lessons in of curious Game
 called Billiards from of experienced Professor.

Here he learned to use the broad-sword,
 Learned to wield the heavy broad-sword,
 Learned from seeing others do it ;
 For he would not tire *his* muscle,

For he knew 't would grieve his mother,
 To behold her boy all gory,
 Bleeding from a broad-sword combat.
 So he went unto the Bowery,
 To the Theater in the Bowery :
 There, from robber-chiefs and brigands,
 There, from corsairs and highwaymen,
 There, from bandits, rogues, and pirates,
 There, from bloody-minded sailors,



⚔️ terrific combat in 2^d famous tragedy of 2^d Bra-green Pelican, or 2^d last
 Scothpick, as sketched by Fungo-Merrakak.

There was where our youthful hero

He would want to show his prowess,
And would seek for foes to conquer—
Seek them in some neighboring "alley"
Where the balls were big and plenty,
Where the cannon-balls were heavy,
Where the *men* were sound and solid,
And would bear a deal of knocking
Without fighting or resisting.
Here he'd have the small boy set them
In platoons, upon the "alley,"
Headed by a noble captain.



The noble Captain, the scared up, the battered Captain.

Without trembling, fear, or finching,
 Lifting then the dire projectile,
 Soon to scatter death among them,
 O'er his head, with care, he'd poise it,
 To the earth, with grace, he'd lower it,
 Then among their ranks he'd hurl it,
 Dealing death, and getting "ten-strikes."



Pranga-Mercha's (bullet) of Ball with judgment and benevolence
 of War-Mercha.

Yunga-Merrakah's dire war-cry.

Through the alley, through the bar-room,
Through the fumes of gin and whisky,
Through the clouds of thick cigar-smoke,
Would be heard his rallying war-cry,
"Set 'em up, there, on both alleys!"

Thus, like Tennyson's six hundred,
He would fight the dreadful combat,
Though the foes were ten against him,
Ten to one! an odds most fearful!
He would fight without despairing,
Without yielding, without shrinking,
"Without winking, without blinking,"
But, we can't say, without drinking.
He would fight till they had yielded,
Till his foemen, all, were scattered,
And the alley-boy was sleeping,

Drink this merry toast at parting,
“Yunga-merrakah, forever !
Who has won this glorious battle,
Won the field of Ten-pun-Allah !”



Appearance of η^c Werns deboted to η^c healthful pastime of *Scrupins*
after η^c game.

XVI.

He continues his Studies—his Progress.



AND he learned the arts of fish-craft :
Not to catch the oily porpoise,
Not the rouged and painted dolphin,
With his fancy-dress-ball jacket ;

The terrible Shark. Not the seal, so soft and furry, by Google

But to set the bristling shad-stakes ;
Catch dock-eels and smelts and sunfish,
How to snare the nimble porgies,
How to trap the graceful flounders,
How to lure the crabs and lobsters,
Lure the beauteous crabs and lobsters
From their homes among the sea-weed,

And he studied navigation,
Learned the art of navigation :
How to run a lazy mud-scow,
How to steer a tossing clam-boat,
Steer it without sky or compass,
Steer it without star or needle,
Far across the world of waters,
To the unknown land of Jersey,
The benighted land of Jersey ;
Land which Liberty, his mother,
Never yet had set her foot in.

City of the Target-Shooters,
City of the Sunday-Dutchmen,
City which can't pay its taxes,
City which can't pay its servants,
City which don't pay expenses,
City which is now beseeching
Jersey City to adopt it—
City which has sold its court-house
For the charges of the builder,
City, which, if pawned for sixpence,
Could n't pay for its redemption.
Yunga-Merrakah, so fearless,
Here would steer his tossing clam-boat,
Here would land upon their borders,
All the Jerseymen defying ;
Jerseymen. who live on strangers,
Live, and feed, and fat, on strangers ;

For the latitude of Jersey.
 "Give us, this day, our daily" stranger,
 Is the Jersey supplication,
 Altered and revised by statute.
 And, where'er the Common Prayer-Book
 Supplicates for grace and blessings
 On "the President and Congress,"
 Jersey prayers are written "for the
 Camden and the Amboy Railroad."



Two blood-thirsty Jerseyman pursueth y^e timid Scabeller that refuseth to
 ride in dangerous Rail-cars.

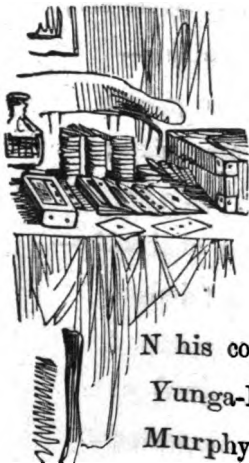
Learned where he could find good liquor,
In the land of Pluri-bus-tah.
This, dear toddy-loving reader,
Unsophisticated reader,
Older heads than ours would puzzle,
Even in these "Aromatic"
Days of good "Scheidam" Udolpho
But our literary hero,
In his course of education,
Read "the Mysteries of Udolpho,"



The Mysteries of Udolpho.

XVII.

**He still continues his Studies. His further
Progress.**



**IN his course of education,
Yunga-Merrakah encountered
Murphy, the most fashionable**

Games with pretty, painted pasteboard;
He knew all the games with ivory—
Globes of ivory, cubes of ivory,
Pretty, shining cubes of ivory;
In a wooden box he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the board before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining—
“Right side up are all the pieces;
Two are threes, and two are sixes;
Eighteen, don't you see, are counted?”

And he knew the game of thimbles—
Knew the game of triple thimbles,
Thimbles three and “little joker;”
And he thus to him explained it:
On his knee he placed the thimbles;
Under one he put the joker; igitized by Google

Now 's the time to bet your money—
 Bet it on the little joker ;
 Where 's the little joker gone to ?”



The shrewd and energetic Gambler playeth y^e Game called “The Little
 Joker,” for y^e Amusement of y^e admiring Populace.

And he knew the patent-safe game,
 With its treacherous bit of paper,
 And its secret, sliding cover ;

But the careful, cautious Murphy
The aristocratic Murphy,
The genteel, black-bearded Murphy,
Would not play outside his mansion,
Fearing folks would say he cheated,
And would set policemen on him
And would have them both arrested
Have them borne before the judges.
Not that Murphy feared policemen,
Not that Murphy feared the judges ;
Murphy had a potent weapon
Which could sweep them all before him ;
But he did not want the people,
Want the idle, chattering people,
To inquire his avocation,
Ask him how he got his living ;
So he took our youthful hero,
Led him to his Broadway mansion,

Yunga-Merrakah then asked him,
“If your games are so unlawful,
Why do not the ‘star’ policemen—
The policemen who are models,
Who have won the Mayor’s medals,
Won the German-silver medals,
Which the Mayor *did n’t* pay for,
But charged over to the city—
Why do not these said policemen
Come in here and stop your gaming?”

Murphy winked his glistening optic,
On his nose he placed his finger,
While he slowly, slyly whispered,
“Though the Mayor’s star policemen
Know my house, and know my calling,
They sometimes *themselves* will enter,

And their good luck always blinds them
 To my house, and to my gaming,
 Till their winnings are exhausted ;
 Then, again, they 're *sure* to enter,
 Here to play the games of pasteboard."



Five Guardians of the City play at the favorite Game.

Satisfied with this explaining,
 Yunga-Merrakah was willing,
 Then, to learn the game of "Faro"
 Of disinterested Murphy.

At the table they were seated,
 With their piles of heaped-up money
 On the green cloth on the table.

From a box of shining metal—
Dealt, and laid them on the table—
In two separate piles he laid them,
Side by side upon the table.
On the ace or on the ten-spot,
On the king, or knave, or eight-spot,
On the queen, or on the four-spot,
Yunga-Merrakah was betting ;
Betting all his pocket-money—
Money, with his mother's likeness
Stamped upon each dime and quarter.
But he cared not for his mother ;
Only cared to learn of Murphy
How to play the game of faro.
All night long the luckless youngster
Played with Murphy, cunning Murphy ;

Every dollar, every penny ;
Then he took his diamond pin off,
Then he took his diamond ring off,
And he took his golden studs out,
Took his watch, and took his chain off,
Bet them all upon the ten-spot,
Lost them all to cunning Murphy.
Then he took his broadcloth coat off,
Then he took his satin vest off,
Then he took his silk cravat off,
Took his patent-leather boots off ;
Glaring wildly upon Murphy,



Flung them wildly on the table,
Bet them wildly on the ten-spot—
Lost! and, wildly, promenaded,
Coatless, bootless, breathless, brainless,
Through the snow back to his mother.

XVIII.

Who died, and what they did with him.



Sturibus-ah, of venerable, kicketh of
Bucket. If Reader is reminded that
of last words were, "I die a true
American."

VERY day the evening
found him

In the cunning Mur-
phy's mansion,

Betting still his pocket-
money,

Betting now his father's money,

Losing every body's money,
All that he could beg or borrow.
From his father's till he took it,
From his mother's pocket filched it;
And he lost it all to Murphy,
Lost it in the game of faro.

Then his friends, the gamblers, taught
him,

When his money was expended,
How, again, he might procure it ;
Taught him how to make post-obits,
As his father now was feeble,
And *was* like to perish quickly ;
How to *draw* up various papers,
On *which* **Jews** would lend him money ;
Notes, and drafts, and obligations,

Forged his name to bills of credit ;
Thus obtained supplies of money,
For his faro-teacher Murphy.

Yunga-Merrakah, whenever
Now he met his aged father,
Glared with envious eyes upon him ;
Calculating how much longer
His old life would last to vex him—
Keep him from his great possessions
Then his fingers clutched together,
And he wished that it was lawful
For a son to choke his father,
When he should grow old and helpless—
Knock his head off, knock his brains out,
Kill him, plant him deep in Greenwood—
Any way to get his money.



**Mr. Noble Sixth-Warders amuse themselves with Mr. favorite Election
Mum. Sketch taken in great hurry by Mr. Artist.**

Tried to send him on a journey
Over the New Haven Railroad;
But he could n't fool his father,
Could n't fool old Pluri-bus-tah.

But at last the old man yielded,
And agreed to take a journey—
Go to Washington, the city
Where the Congress was assembled;
Where the concentrated wisdom
Of the country was assembled,
Fighting for the country's profit.(?)

Tooth and nail, was fighting, scratching,
 For some property she claimed there ;
 For the little territories
 Known as Kansas and Nebraska.
 And the old man's fond affection
 Led him there to wait beside her--
 Wait beside her until Congress
 Should elect their needed Speaker,
 And his wife have done her quarrel.
 There the old man watched and waited,
 Wearily he watched and waited,
 For them to elect a Speaker ;
 Months passed on, and Pluri-bus-tah
 Died of age before they did it.



XIX.

Funereal and Solemn.



The dutiful Unga-Merrakah
expresseth his Respect for

UNGA-MERRAKAH, the hope-
ful,
Gave, by telegraph, directions
That his defunct father's cor-
pus

Marked it "this side up," and sent it,
 And our hero, in the mean time,
 Tied some crape upon his elbow,
 Put a bottle in his pocket,
 Started for the railroad dépôt,
 Waiting for the old man's coming.

But, before the train's arrival,
 He retired into a closet
 With a money-lending lawyer,



The fatherless Son seeketh Consolation with y^e Man of Law, who
 explaineth y^e lamented Pluri-bus-tat's will.

To compute the sum exactly Digitized by Google

The old man had left behind him

All were counted, checked, and valued,
And the lawyer told the total
To the son so sad and sorrowing.
From the sum they then deducted
All the funeral expenses ;
So that when the train arrived there,
They had ciphered out the balance,
Knew what was the old man's fortune—
Consequently, just how many
Tears to shed and hacks to order.

Yunga-Merrakah, the mourner,
Took the old man's lifeless corpus
To the great paternal mansion,
Thence he sent for Browne the sexton—
Pompous Browne, of Graceless Chapel—
Browne, who manages the weddings—

Browne, whose word is law and gospel
In all fashionable circles—
Browne was summoned, Browne was sent for.

Yunga-Merrakah the mourner,
In his room so sad and lonely,
With a friend to cheer his sorrow,
In his room, when Browne had entered,
Gave his orders for the funeral.
Yunga-Merrakah the mourner,
With his friend to cheer his sorrow,
Had, by way of killing sadness,
Been engaged in playing euchre.
On the table stood the bottle,
On the table sat the glasses,
On the table lay the counters ;
Near a chair was Browne the sexton,
With his "list" between his fingers,
Waiting to note down the programme.

But he gave the sad directions
For the funeral of his father
In the intervals of smoking,
In the intervals of drinking,



The mournful Browne discovered of affliction's Son much afflicted.

In the intervals of playing,
While the restless cards were shuffling.

Thus they played the game of euchre,
Thus Browne got his full directions
For old Pluri-bus-tah's funeral;
And assuring "on his honor,"
That they should be all perfected

XX.

I Marriage, and what came of it.



LURI-BUS-TAH now was buried,
And the energy and spirit,
All the honesty and honor,
With what love of truth and just-

ice

Seemed to all be buried deeply
In the grave of Pluri-bus-tah.

Yunga-Merrakah the mourner,
Heir to all the great possessions
Which his father left behind him,
Laid his hand on piles of dollars,
Laid his hand on land and warehouse,
On the far-extended grain-fields,
On the grand, primeval forest,
On the blooming, boundless prairie;
Laid his hand on woolly Cuffee,
Who had lost his former spirit
Of resistance and rebellion;
And his hand had lost its power,
Power to break the hold so puny

All of these his father left him ;
For his mother, by her marriage—
Which was but a Free-Love marriage,
A mere temporary marriage,
Without church, or priest, or parson—
Could not claim a right of dower,
Had no money, lands, or mansion,
Had no place to live—because she
Got no “ thirds ” she had no quarters.

Though the heir had money left him,
With his father's broad dominions ;



Which had made the earth and ocean
To his purposes obedient.

These his sire had taken with him,
To the jolly land of spirits,
To the land of the Hereafter.

But he had his father's vices,
Had his avarice and grasping,
Had his self-conceit and folly,
Had his love of dimes and dollars
Still he had not e'en these vices,
In their strong and earnest vigor ;
All were weakened and diluted,
Fit for his degeneration,
Fitted to his puny standard.

Then, besides hereditary
Vices given by his father,
He had other ones ingenious,
Others of his own invention.

Shut out from the world of fashion ;
 Passed it with his boon companions,
 Weeping for the dear departed,
 Sighing for the dead old "buffer."



*Pranga-Merrahs and p^c condoling friends are much depressed in spirits,
 owing to p^c total exhaustion of p^c ~~U~~hiskg.*

Then he rose, one sunny morning,
 Took the crape from off his elbow ;
 Then took off his "suit of sables,"
 And resolved to cease his mourning
 For his much-lamented father.
 For, he said, his broad dominions
 Needed now his sole attention.

"No more sadness, no more sighing,
 No more woe, and no more weeping,
 No more tears, no more seclusion.
 To Delmonico's let's hasten ;
 There we'll have a high old blow out.



The great Delmonico's. (The sketch was made while getting change for a 100 dollar bill in the possession of the artist.)

I'll make pompous Browne, the sexton,
 Stand the treat from his expenses,
 Dock it from his funeral charges.
 He should, really, have some feeling,

AND FORGETS HIS FATHER.

**This is when he put off mournin
And forgot his sturdy father,
And forgot old Pluri-bus-tah.**
2°

XXI.

Family Wars—a Departure.



CRIFT, who, heretofore, had
quarreled

Crift (if insulted) arranged matters of importance, and then slowneth.

With her sister's hopeful offspring,

And became its only master,
Straight resolved that she would leave it,
And go back to where she came from.

Yunga-Merrakah had married—
Taking pity and compassion
On those God-forsaken spinsters,
Or (what they regret more deeply),
On those *man*-forsaken spinsters,
Those who die in "the pursuit of
Breeches under difficulties"—
Married a "strong-minded woman:"*
Thus had done his country service.
She was one of those who scribble
For the magazines and weeklies,
Over names alliterative—

* It is expected that, by virtue of a special act to encourage the individual abatement of national nuisances, Congress will grant a ~~bonus~~ ^{bonus} to each of those two or three heroic but unfortunate

“Bessie Basswood,” “Sallie Simple,
 “Peggy Pensive,” “Nancy Ninkum”
 She was one of those who travel
 “Lecturing” throughout the country,



The popular idea of a strong-minded female.

The seductive Bloomer.

Serving up a weak dilution
 Of the thoughts some man has taught them—
 Waldo Emerson and water ;
 Andrews' broth or Owen gruel ;
 Nichols' nastiness refined, that
 Decent folks may sit and hear it

At the Woman's Right's Conventions;
One who wore the Bloomer costume,
Half-way petticoats, half-breeches.
This the masculine co-partner,
This the woman just imported
From the distant He-bridge Islands,
Whom our youthful hero married,
And brought home to rule his mansion.

Liberty her son entreated,
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here this useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling,
Bring one that can tend the babies,
Darn your socks and sew your buttons;
Bring not here this feeble talker,
Bring not here this senseless speaker;
Put her in the place provided:
In the Museum at Barnum's,

Yunga-Merrakah responded,
 "Hold your ceaseless jaw, old woman!
 I will marry this young lady;
 She'll be 'boss,' too, of my dwelling;



There if Bloomer ought to be.

You shall yield obedience to her:
 If you won't, clear out and leave us."
 So he brought her to his mansion,
 Brought her home to rule his mother
 Now began a deadly quarrel:
 Thrift declared a war remorseless
 With this female interloper.

That the war-birds ever witnessed.
 From the morn till night it lasted ;
 Fourteen hours these furious females
 Fought, with fists, and feet, and fingers,
 Clawing, pulling, biting, scratching.
 Yunga-Merrakah sat near them,
 Sat upon the center-table,
 With cigars and whisky near him,
 Watching the tremendous conflict.



*The remarkable fight between Sense and Non-sense. The Sense
 is beaten when the gentle Liberty and the Bloomer
 come up to the Scratch after the
 twenty-fifth Round.*

Then the beaten, vanquished lady,
Ere she made her final exit,
Shook her fist, and spoke in this wise :
“ Yunga-Merrakah, I leave you :
Leave you with that odious woman.
She will ruin all your household,
She will ruin all your country,
She will rule you and your children ;
And she may, for all that I care,
For I leave you, now, forever.”



Authentic View of 2^d Mosby Battle-Field.

XXII.

Spirit Tappings and Spirit Drinking, mixed.



It's best manifestation of π^c Spirits. It's Table being tipped, etc. It's spirit of π^c Oh-o-horn sheweth itself powerful much.

IN the land of Uncle Thomas,
In the land of Pierce the mighty,
In the city of Manhattan,
In the reign of great Fernando,
In the time of Branch and Matsell,
In the time of Poole and Baker,

In the time of pious Wyckoff,
Pious, persevering Wyckoff,
Yunga-Merrakah resided
In the city of Manhattan,
In a lofty brown stone mansion.
But the avenue and number
I can't tell you—I've forgotten.

In those times, of which I've written,
Spirits from the other countries,
From the land of the Hereafter,
From the land where Hiawatha
And his partner, Minne-ha-ha,
Now are rearing phantom babies:
(For that lady had a goblin
In her arms, a nursing goblin,
And twin specters in her cradle,
Infant ghosts, with shadowy aprons,
Misty bibs, and airy tuckers,

Whom we know as "Koons" and "Foxes.")
 As, before, I mentioned to you,
 Spirits from the other countries,
 From the land of the Hereafter,
 Often came to earth to visit,
 Came upon a spirit rail train,



**The wonderful Spirit Train that travelth on y^e Old Colony Railroad. Sup-
 posed to be y^e dead-heads on a pleasure excursion.**

Often got a fortnight's furlough,
 Often came on leave of absence,
 Not as ugly apparitions,
 Not as goblins, ghosts, or specters,
 Not in sheet, or shroud, or coffin ;
 But they came, unseen of mortals,

Kicking up a row,

Kicking over bales and boxes,
Cutting up unheard-of antics,
Like a ghostly set of rowdies,
Rapping on the chairs and tables,
Prophecies of good and evil,
Most profound mysterious nonsense !
Shakspeare, Washington, and Franklin,
With a hundred other worthies,
Poets, authors, statesmen, sages,
Came from spheres so bright and blissful,
From the land of the Hereafter,
Came to skin their ghostly knuckles,
Knocking upon floors and tables,
At the call of earthly boobies.
So old *Pluri-bus-tah's* spirit,
Wishing to **be** in the fashion,

But his offspring heard the racket
Of the old man's bony knuckles,
Feeling for the wished-for bottle,
And suspected that it might be
Something of his father's spirit.
First he took the big decanter
In his hands, and held it tightly,
For he knew if 'twas his father,
That the brandy soon would vanish.
Then he spake, in trembling language
Asking, "Is a spirit present?"



Showered the blows as fast and furious
As he did on Johnny Taurus,
In the battle of the meadow.
And the message that his knuckles,
Ghostly spiritual knuckles,
Rapped upon the rosewood table,
When translated, ran as follows :

“Most contemptible of puppies !
You, who rob your suffering father
Of his drop of consolation,
Of his little drop of brandy ;
You, who steal his only blessing,
You, who now deny your daddy
‘Spiritual aid and comfort,’
Listen now what you shall come to,
Listen what shall be your ending.
You have driven Thrift far from you,
And you now shall hear the penance.”

Desolation spread her mantle
Over all your wide-spread country,
And your servant, sable Cuffee,
Shall rebel and rise against you,
Make you slave and toil and labor,
Till your miserable body
Perishes from earth forever.
You shall smaller grow and smaller,
In your mind and in your body,
You shall meaner grow and meaner,
Till your cringing, creeping, crawling
Form is lost from earth forever,
Till your soul is all extinguished,
None is left to merit saving,
Not enough to be worth damning.
This, my curse, I leave upon you ;
Not because you are dishonest,

Yunga-Merrakah wa'n't frightened
At the old one's revelation,
But he took a horn of brandy—
Horn of the forbidden brandy ;
Then he laughed aloud, exulting.

But the ghost had spoken truly ;
Time fulfilled all his foretelling,
And this is the only instance,
Only instance on the records
Where a prophesying spirit,
Rapping on the boards or tables
With his spiritual knuckles,
Ever told the truth, or near it.

Would you know the mournful sequel ?
How the ghost fulfilled his saying ?
Whether his sole heir and offspring,

XXIII.

What he did n't, what his Mother did, and
where she went to.



UNGA-MERRAKAH, the
mourner,

Was no more, but lord and master
Of the glorious Yengah nation.

Unga - Merrakah
examined of Plan

He assumed a dress of splendor
 Fit for him to rule and reign in.
 He assumed the Shanghai costume—
 Costume of his own invention—
 Partly his, and partly borrowed
 From the Hippodrome performers ;
 Not from Siegrist nor Franconi,
 But 't was borrowed from the monkeys,
 From the libeled, slandered monkeys,
 From the skilled equestrian monkeys,
 From the ones who ride the ponies.



It was the authentic origin of the garment called Shanghai.

Inaccessible his hat was,
 Like a tall, six-story stove-pipe ;
 And beneath it towered his collar,
 Towered his lofty standing collar,

(Like a human adaptation
Of that ornament the pig-yoke,)
Which should keep his head from turning,
And from bowing, and from moving.
And his coat, it reached his ankles,
Meeting there his patent leathers.
And his legs, like slimsy broomsticks,
Like attenuated broomsticks,
Were surrounded by his tailor
With a covering so fantastic,
And which clung to him so tightly,
That his servant, every evening,
Had to skin him like a catfish.



That its wearer was "some pumpkins,"
That he "bossed" a splendid "ked'n'try."

Yunga-Merrakah determined
To put off his Bowery notions,
To stop running with the engine,
To have done with "Mose" and "Sykse,"
And to cut the whole red-shirt-dom.
So this vegetable human,
Which had sprouted in the Bowery,
Which was nurtured in the Bowery,
Which had grown up in the Bowery,
Now was suddenly transplanted
To the latitude of Broadway;
And this budding Bowery Sykse
Blossomed to a Broadway Shanghai.

Yunga-Merrakah, ambitious
To excel his father's actions,
And to rival his inventions,
Started many enterprises,
And invented curious engines.

But the enterprises "broke" him,
And his patents would n't answer.
This because Miss Thrift had left him,
Left him to his own destruction.

One day Mister Johnny Taurus,
Now grown old, and stout, and burly,
With the wish to please his children,
Please his pretty, rosy children,
Gave his gardener, Mr. Paxton,
His commands to build a play-house.
The ingenious Mr. Paxton,
With a zeal that does him credit,
Straightway went to work and did it.
All of glass and iron he made it:
Iron, to give it strength and firmness,
Glass, to ~~w~~ the glorious sun-light;

Filled it full with gems of sculpture ;
All things, beautiful and useful,
Found a home within this play-house
Built for Johnny Taurus' children.

Honor be to Thomas Paxton !
He it was who built this temple,
Built the glorious Crystal Palace,
Built this home of peace and sunlight,
Where the world's contending nations
Met, and gave the hand of friendship.

Yunga-Merrakah had witnessed,
From his home across the water,
How the enterprise succeeded ;
And he stole the thought of Paxton,
Stole the crystal thought of Paxton,

Herein he excelled his father,
Who had never cheated largely,
"Swapping truck" with other countries ;
Who had only sold them watches
Made of lead, instead of silver,
Sold them white-wood hams and shoulders,
Sold them loads of wooden nutmegs,
But had never tried to cheat them
On the Crystal Palace system.

But he lacked his sire's invention,
Lacked the spirit of invention ;
So he missed his calculations :
Made his irons all too little,
Made his timbers all too crooked,
Made his glass all cracked and knotty ;
Then he suddenly discovered

That he had run out of "putty,"

So his playhouse was a failure

236 SELLS THEIR PICTURES AT AUCTION.

Sent their pictures and their statues,
Sent their choicest masterpieces,
To exhibit in his play-house.

Yunga-Merrakah, the tricky,
When he found 't would be a failure,
Stole the strangers' goods and chattels,
Stole them all to pay expenses.



His works of poor foreign Artists in his Crystal Palace are sold for his benefit of Yunga-Merrakah.

Then he tried to galvanize it
Into life with Pierce and Barnum :
Even these gigantic humbugs

Higher, far, than Haman's gallows,
Highest tower in all creation.



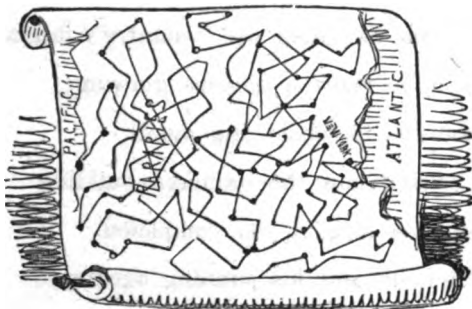
View of *St. Matting Observatory*, also part of
St. Crystal Palace, taken from a high
point on *Conry Island*.

But he found it would not answer,
So, one day, he kicked it over.

Then he laid his plans for building,
To the sea, a mighty railway,
Through the chains of lofty mountains,
Far across the tiresome prairies,
Over wide and rushing rivers,
Letting nothing stay or stop him,
Till he run his locomotive
From the strand of the Atlantic
To the shore of the Pacific.

This, too, failed, for he had listened
To so many differing voices,
That his brain, so weak and watery,
Soon was utterly bewildered.

Which could boast a jail and court-house,
 Run it through the squire's back garden,
 Run it through the lawyer's pasture,
 Run it through the doctor's meadow,
 Run it through the parson's pig-pen,



*The Map of the great Pacific Railroad, proposed to run any and everywhere
 to please the stockholders. The Sketch is from the original draught made
 in the sand by the head Engineer with a walking-stick,
 assisted by a small Dog scratching for Mats.*

Run it through the summer fallow

And the great Pacific railway
Died of squabbling, grasping grannies.

In a fit of patriotism,
He resolved to build a tombstone—
Build at Washington a tombstone
To the memory of the person
Whom he called his “country’s father;”
And he made a hideous drawing,
Hideous in whole and detail,
Showing how the promised building
Was to look, if e’er completed.
Then he sent his cunning agents,
Who were smooth of tongue and oily,
Who persuaded simple people
That the building would be glorious,
That the plan was Art’s perfection.
Simple-minded, honest people,
Whose ideas of architecture

Tried by these, the only models,
 And they paid their dimes and dollars
 To the oily, smooth-tongued agents.
 Then the agents begged the marble,



Supposed to have been the original suggestion for model of the Washington Monument.



The Washington Monument as far as it has got.

Begged the painted blocks of marble,

Thus avoided the infliction,
And the tower was not erected,
Save, perhaps, a half a story.
Yunga-Merrakah the weakling,
Over again had "tried and could n't."

Then he built a splendid steamer,
Built her on his father's model,
Built her very well and finely;
But his father was n't present,
To assist him at the launching,
So he broke her back in launching,
Smashed his steamboat all to pieces.



But she ran so very slowly—
Fourteen miles in fifteen hours—
That, one day, he rashly sunk her,
Sunk her on the Jersey marshes.



Vesta of St. Ericsson on her grand successful trial trip.

Then conceived a scheme gigantic,
That he'd dive beneath the ocean,
Lay a massive iron cable
Down among the shells and seaweed,
And would telegraph across it,
Telegraph across the ocean.
So he made his iron cable,
Made his massive, twisted cable.

See him, like the Doge of Venice,
 Wed the sea with metal circlet—
 But the cable broke to shivers,
 And the ocean stole the pieces.
 Then the captain of the schooner,
 With his crew and the reporters,
 All got drunk, and went home glorious.



*Sketch, kindly furnished by a great Spirit Medium out on a
 Embassy, of a lost Telegraphic Cable. View supposed
 to be about ten feet from the end that broke loose.*

Thus the curse that was upon him,
 Every day grew more apparent ;
 And his quick degeneration
 Was perceived in every action,
 For the spirit of invention

All his fire annihilators
Would n't put a kitchen fire out.
And his theaters were failures,
Till he let a woman boss them—
Let his Woman's Rights companion
Boss the house and take the money—
Boss them and cut off the dead-heads,
When she made it pay expenses.

Then our hero, not contented
With his home-made airs and graces,
Soon began to put on foreign
Airs, and smirks, and affectation ;
Tried to speak in choice Italian,
Or converse in French, the booby.
But the superficial knowledge,
Which the brainless brat had mustered.

And had uttered such a cackling,
The involuntary linguists
Mustered at that mixed assemblage,
Would have hissed out the intruder,
Would have kicked him out instanter.

Then he broke his father's bargain,
Which had been for years regarded,
Broke the promise about Cuffee,
Did not keep him in the rice-fields,
In the sugar-cane plantations,
To the Southward of the landmark,
Of the line of Mah-sun-dic-sun.
But he led him up, and Northward,
Northward of the flowing river,
To the prairie-fields of Kansas

As a gift from the departed,
The lamented Pluri-bus-tah.
When she saw the sable Cuffee
Trespass upon her possessions,
Cross the line of the division,
Cross the line of Mah-sun-dic-sun,
She grew raving mad, and furious,
Took the first train home from Congress,
Bound to find her only offspring,
Yunga-Merrakah, and give him
Particular Jesse, if he wouldn't promise to
be decent, and behave himself hereafter.*

Liberty, in time, reached Gotham,
Without accident or hindrance,
Tired, weary, hot, and dusty,
And with anger boiling over

"Where can the young rip be gone to?"

She, herself interrogated.

"Gone to Burton's or the Bowery ?

Gone to Wallack's or to Niblo's ?

Gone to see the Model Artists ?

Gone to see the Common Council ?*

Gone to visit the Free Lovers ?

Gone to meet with the Live Oak Club ?"

But she asked at all these places,

And, alas ! she could n't find him.

Then she went to the apartment

Of that strange and secret Order,

Of that mystic band of brothers,

Whose proceedings are so secret,

So profound and so mysterious ;

Spite of oaths and secret pass-words,
Fashioned to exclude Reporters,
Their proceedings, so mysterious,
And so mystical, are always
Published in next morning's Tribune.

Here went Liberty to seek him,
To this room, so dark and silent,
To the room of the Dark Lanterns.
But the watchman at the portal,
Took her for a Monk or Prior,
Took her for a Priest or Bishop,
Took her for an Emissary
Of the Church of Rome, the hated.
For his sight was bleared and blinded
By the arts of the Dark Lanterns,
And he only saw a Bishop,
Saw a foreign, Romish Bishop,
Though 't was Liberty in person!

Thus it was that the Dark Lanterns
Did not know the God they worshiped,



The biggest door-keeper of the Dark Lantern Lodge looks through the door against
the great Liberty.

Do not know the God they worship,
But deny her face, as Peter
Once denied his Lord and Master.
What it is they really worship,
May be *you* can tell, for *I* can't.

Liberty, thus unsuccessful,
Asked a watchman for directions,
Where to find her absent youngster.
Thus she found where he had gone to,
Gone to hear the great French actress,

Liberty went in, a dead-head,
In the boxes found her offspring,
With his hair all oiled and greasy,
Just as it had come from Phalon's,
With an opera-glass before him,
With a play-book in his fingers,
Trying to follow the great actress,



When the young man saw his mother
In her soiled and dusty garments-
Without hoops, or silks, or laces,
Without opera-cloak or diamonds,
Lacking all the elegances
Of a fashionable wardrobe,
Thinking to himself, he muttered,
“Snobistocracy will wonder,
Mrs. Grundy turn her nose up,
‘If I recognize that woman ;
And the best thing I can think of,
Is to cut her dead as blazes.”
So he fixed his glass upon her,
Stared with both eyes full upon her
Then refused to recognize her,
Looked as if he did n’t know her,

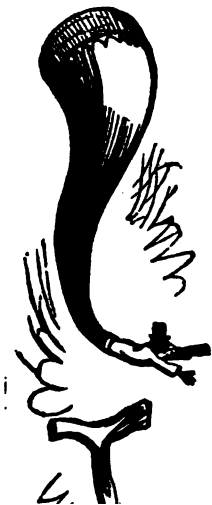


Yunga-Merrabah transcrieth g^r maternal parient.

Liberty "saw through the mill-stone,"
And marked out her course of action ;
So she marched outside the "show-shop,"
Took her station on the curbstone,
Then began, and spake as follows :
"Good-by, Yengah land, I leave you ;
You have swindled and betrayed me ;
Yunga—Merrabah I leave you—

XXIV.

Coffee triumphant—In unexpected Smash—Demo-
lition of the Hera.



HUS the lady left the country,
Left her weak, degenerate off-

And the sun, each night descending,
 Found him less than in the morning;
 And the sun, each morn arising,
 Found him smaller than at evening.
 One by one, he lost the virtues,
 Lost the few and scanty virtues—



Pungo-Merrakah (imitated), in dress and manners, of
 once great family called of Gamblers.

Virtues of whose solid substance,
 He had once possessed the shadow;
 Lost that glimmering of manhood,
 Lost that semblance faint of honor,

Lost those signs of earnest vigor
Of which he, in youth, had boasted.
But his trickery and cunning,
All his greed, and wile, and shrewdness,
All his love of mean intriguing,
Still remained as strong as ever ;
And he only lacked the power
Still to be a noted villain.

Now the Northmen and the Southmen,
After many a year of quarrel
On the ancient Cuffee question,
Came, at last, to open battle
On the bloody field of Kansas ;
There to have the final struggle
For the ownership of Cuffee
And the lordship of the country.

Both the armies now were mustered ;
From the North, the furious legions

Armed with tracts, and armed with Bibles,
 Armed with Beecher's "moral rifles,"
 Which would preach most moving sermons,
 And convince their foes of error.



Emplements of late and order kindly furnished to y^e patriotic inhabitants
 of y^e country called Kansas by y^e North and y^e South.

From the South came other legions,
 Also ready for the struggle,
 Also armed with swords and pistols,
 Bowie-knives and long revolvers,
 With a store of stinging horsewhips,
 With a store of tar and feathers,
 To regale their captive foemen,

After preaching from the parsons,
After speeches from the leaders,
After whisky from the barrels,
Both the armies took their coats off,
And prepared for deadly conflict.
Then they all mixed in together,
Had a grand, impartial battle,
No one showing fear or favor,
No one crying quit, or quarter,
Each one slashing up his neighbor,
Shooting, stabbing friend and brother,
In one great, promiscuous murder.

There, for years, they kept the fight up,
From the South and North recruiting,
As their forces, both, diminished,
Till at last the very women,
All the women and the children
Of the land of Pluri-bus-tah,

250 CUFFEE, WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY,

Cuffee, when the fight was ended,
Took possession of the country,
And himself the King elected.



**He once much persecuted Blackamoor createth himself King of a good
country of a defunct Pluri-bus-tah.**

Thus was modernized the fable
Of the cats, and cheese and monkey.
Thus did Cuff become the ruler,
Ruler and the sole survivor,
Save his puny, former master,
In the land of Pluri-bus-tah.

All the cities, all the country,
Were the property of Cuffee,
And the city of Manhattan
Was the home of conquering Cuffee.

He had risen against his master,
Risen against his puny master,
Yunga-Merrakah, his master,
And beneath his thumb had got him.



He being maketh Yunga-Merrakah feel his power.

Cuffee, now, his wrongs remembering,

Made him take a spade and pick-ax
 Suited to his small dimensions,
 Made him sweat, and slave, and labor,
 As old Cuffee did before him.

All the fields were now neglected,
 Undisturbed by plow or harrow,
 All the verdant, fertile meadows,
 Blooming prairies, waving corn-fields
 All the Southern broad plantations,

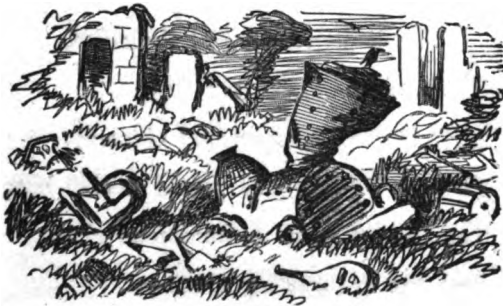


It remains of the great doorway of the ancient
 Temple called the Astor.

All the Northern wide spread grain-fields,
 Changed into a dreary desert,

Overgrown with thorns and thistles,
Home for toads and crawling serpents.

Years passed on and sable Cuffee,
Ignorant and unenlightened,
Could not rule the wide-spread country,
From which he had driven his master,
Knew not how to rule the sources
From which it derived its greatness.
Then the Lathe and Engine rusted,



Relics found in the Ruins of the Ancient Manhattan.

Then the Locomotive, useless,
 Then the Lightning broke the fetters
 With which Morse to earth had chained it,
 And escaping, fled forever.

In the docks the shipping rotted,
 And the sea, no more a servant,
 Wrecked and ruined all the steamers.
 Years rolled on, and buildings moldered,
 Years rolled on, and desolation
 Ruled the land of Pluri-bus-tah.

Yunga-Merrakah had dwindled
 To a size so small and tiny,
 That if the distinguished General
 Thomas Thumb was placed beside him,
 Tom would seem a monstrous giant.
 And the unforgiving Cuffee,
 Stern and unrelenting Cuffee,
 Kept his cruel thumb upon him,

Only for black Cuffee's pleasure,
 Only to glut Cuffee's vengeance.



The Blackamoor King educateth Yunga-Merrakah into the
 mysteries of hard work.

One day making excavations,
 In the ruins of Manhattan,
 The great city of Manhattan,
 Yunga-Merrakah discovered,
 Something huge, and round, and shining.
 Days he tugged and toiled to get it,
 From the ruins to unearth it,
 And, at last, almost succeeded,
 When the monstrous mass of metal

For it was his father's idol,
Was old Pluri-bus-tah's idol ;
It was the Almighty dollar.
Yunga-Merrakah thus perished,
Seeking the Almighty dollar,
Smashed so far beyond redemption,
That at the great final roll-call,
Yunga-Merrakah won't answer ;
For his life, his soul, his spirit,
All were sacrificed together,
Were demolished by the dollar,
Smashed by the Almighty dollar.

Cuffee, thus remaining solus
(All his friends long since were buried)
In the ruins of Manhattan,
Last of all the Yengah nation,

Till his foot turned up a banjo
Which had there remained for ages,
Ready strung and tuned for playing.
Cuffee gazed upon the banjo,
Then he looked upon the dollar.



King Blackmoor Discovereth, in y^e ruins of y^e ancient Temple of y^e
Black Muscs, a venerable Banjo.

Liberty was stamped upon it.

Cuffee sat him down and pondered,
Pondered how to spend the dollar.
No more rum, and no more whisky,
No more music, and no more dancing,
How shall Cuffee spend his dollar?
Echo answered, "Gin and sugar."
Down to Tammany he hastened,
Thinking, as he hurried onward,
There, where Democrats assembled,
There, where ruled the mighty Rynders,
There 'll be liquor found, if any
Has survived the lapse of ages.



Found a mighty smell of whisky,
Only this and nothing further.*

Then he set the dollar edgewise,
Then he took the tuneful banjo,



* Sing becometh lonesome. Singeth of plaintive death-song, commencing
"I'm givinz atop to leave you," &c., and dies.

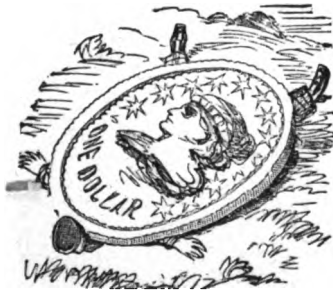
Gazed upon the lonely image,
And extemporized his death-song ;

Sung his sad and cruel death-song,
Like the Indians that you read of
In the song of Hiawatha.

Then he laid him down and died there,
With the banjo in his fingers,
With his feet stuck through a coal-hole,
With his nose among the cinders,
And his mouth half full of ashes.
Cuffee laid him down and died there,
And the dollar was his head-stone.

Thus our every-day-seen hero,
Yunga-Merrakah, had fizzled ;
Cuffee also was a corpus,
Like poor Villikins' fair Dinah—
And the mighty Yengah nation
Now was perished and forgotten,
While its only trace or token,
Was the last, Almighty dollar.

Seek to find this Yengah nation,
He shall only find its symbol,
Only the Almighty dollar.
The Almighty, Yankee dollar,
Our sole delegate to Heaven,
Then shall represent our nation
In that glorious "good time coming,"
In the land of the Hereafter.



M O R A L .

FINIS

NOTE.

AN

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OF OUR

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THE autograph attached to the Frontispiece is a fac-simile, taken from the original signature on a six months' note-of-hand for two and ninepence sterling, given by Pluri-bus-tah in settlement of a bill for a rump steak, at a porter-house. The descendants of the illustrious hero,



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